THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXVII—No. 1128

JULY 15, 1925

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

"AQUAPLANING": DOUBLE-PAGE IN COLOUR BY BLAM

Spinet
The SUPER CIGARETTE
Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped
20 for 1/6
Also 50's & 100's
The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe
Spinet The SUPER Mixture
2/2 per 2oz.
in enamelled pocket tins

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

DEAFNESS DEFEATED
WEMBLEY
Bay 6 Ave. 7 Palace of Housing Near Kelvin & Faraday Gates.
No matter the cause, extent or duration of your case YOU CAN HEAR to-day and always the NEW simple, natural, inconspicuous Ardente-Acoustique way. Used by deaf Doctors, Society leaders and recommended by eminent Aurists. Hands free. Whispers distinct. Personal Demonstrations Daily.
NO CONSULTATION FEE.
MR. H. DENT'S ARDENTE ACOUSTIQUE
For deaf ear needs "ARDENTE-ACOUSTIQUE" leads.
No. 1, Ardente House, 95, WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1
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By Appointment to H.M. King George V
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FINEST EXTRA Q
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The Hotel of Character and Distinction. Charming Suites, etc.
Exclusiveness and Refinement. Highest Standard of English Comfort.
A. LOTTI, *Managing Prop.*
7 & 9 RUE DE CASTIGLIONE
PARIS
A. LOTTI, *Jr. Manager.*

ROYAL BEACH HOTEL
The only Hotel on the Sea Front.
Music after Dinner for the Hotel Guests every Sunday evening from the end of July until end of September.
Excellent Cuisine. Moderate Tariff.
Self-contained Suites.
Night Porter.
SOUTHSEA
BOOK TO FRATTON STATION
Miss Armstrong, Manageress
'Phone: 2081.

ROOD & Co. Ltd.
OVER 50 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR VALUE
52 & 53 Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly, London, W.
DIAMONDS, PEARLS and other Precious Stones
PURCHASED OR EXCHANGED.
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AEROGEN

(Petrol Air Safety Gas)

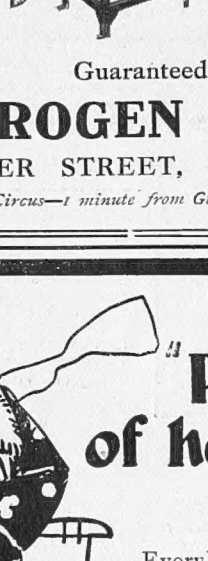
Lighting—Heating—Cooking—Pumping for Country Houses

ONE simple Aerogen Safety System provides all the above labour-saving conveniences the town dweller derives from the use of ordinary coal gas.

NON-EXPLOSIVE AND NON-POISONOUS GAS.

The **AEROGEN** Plant is unique by reason of the EVEN gas mixture of High Heating Value which it produces.

We also specialise in electrically controlled automatic generators for Cooking and Heating only.



Because of its long life, its absolute Safety, Reliability and remarkable simplicity, the "Aerogen" is a *solid* proposition.

Many similar systems have already been scrapped in favour of the "Aerogen," which *is* in fact efficient, and much cheaper to run and maintain.

With an *unbroken* history of 44 years the "Aerogen" has to its credit a successful record and the recommendation of Architects, Country House Engineers, and thousands of satisfied users all over the world.

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The High Water Mark of "Efficiency"

ESTIMATES FREE

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Guaranteed for 5 years.

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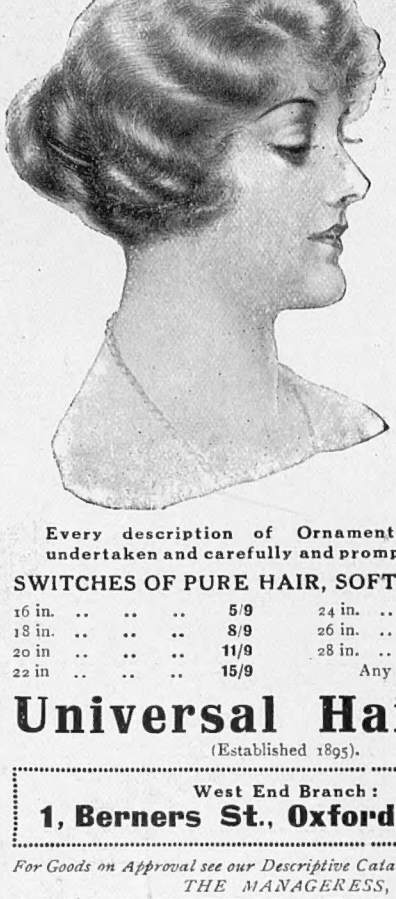
30-32 BOLSOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1

(7 minutes from Oxford Circus—1 minute from Gt. Portland Street Station)



TRANSFORMATION
of BEAUTIFULL
SOFT, GLOSSY
WAVY HAIR.

Impossible to Detec

Price according to quanti of Hair,
£4 17 6, £3 12
£2 10 9.

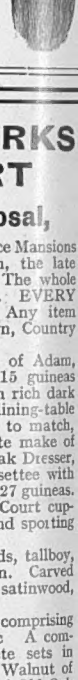
With absolutely Natural Skin Parting,
£6 6 0.

Toupet with Natural Skin Parting, £2 10

Every description of Ornamental Hairwork undertaken and carefully and promptly executed.

SWITCHES OF PURE HAIR, SOFT & LUSTROUS

16 in.	5/9	24 in.	22/9
18 in.	8/9	26 in.	26/9
20 in	11/9	28 in.	37/9
22 in	15/9	Any length to order.	



Universal Hair Co.

(Established 1895).

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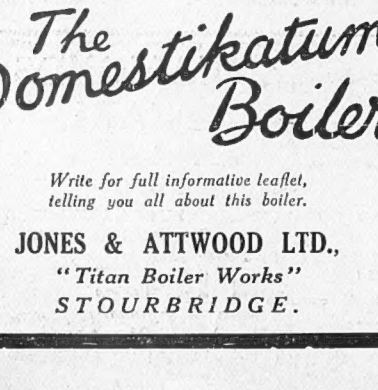
For Goods on Approval see our Descriptive Catalogue post free, from THE MANAGERESS,

80/84 FOXBERRY RD., BROCKLEY,
LONDON, S.E. 4.



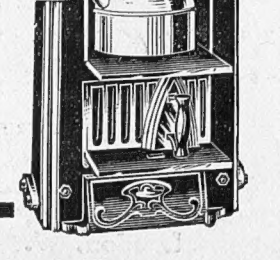
"That Plenty of hot water" look

Everybody in the house is happy and contented when there is plenty of hot water —for baths, or washing up or cleaning, etc.—a condition brought about by the use of the "Domestikatum."

This boiler is unique! It stands alone as the *only* Hot Water Supply boiler with an *absolutely* open fire, and must not be confused with other "Domestic" boilers now sold. This is the "Domestikatum"—the bath-heating, light-cooking, comfort-giving boiler for the everyday household.

Price £7 15 0

The Domestikatum Boiler



Write for full informative leaflet, telling you all about this boiler.

JONES & ATTWOOD LTD.,
"Titan Boiler Works"
STOURBRIDGE.

FURNITURE AND WORKS OF ART

Modern and Antique, for immediate disposal,

by order of trustees, removed from Cavendish Square, W., Buckingham Palace Mansions and Maidenhead, also remaining items from "Pantia Ralli" collection, the late Rt. Hon. Lord Mount-Stephen, G.C.V.O., and the Agnew Collections. The whole of these magnificent goods to be disposed of regardless of original cost. EVERY DAY 9 TILL 7, INCLUDING THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS. Any item may be selected now and held for delivery till required or delivered Town, Country or Abroad.

DINING-ROOMS, RECEPTION-ROOMS and LIBRARIES in styles of Adam, Hepplewhite, Chippendale and Sheraton. Complete sets ranging from 15 guineas up to 1,000 guineas. Special attention is called to a very beautiful set in rich dark mahogany of Queen Anne style, comprising sideboard, extending oval dining-table on shaped legs, and a complete set of dining chairs with carving chairs to match, the whole set being offered at £37, and another complete set of exquisite make of Sheraton style offered at £45. Complete reception-room sets, including Oak Dresser, extending table, and complete set of chairs for 15 guineas. Chesterfield settee with two large Lounge Easy Chairs covered Crocodile grain, with loose cushions, 27 guineas. Collection of Old Oak in Elizabethan, James, Charles II., including old Court cupboards, dressers, refectory, and other tables, chairs, stools, old armour, and sporting trophies.

122 BEDROOMS and DRESSING-ROOMS, including old four-post beds, tallboy, and other chests, also complete modern suites of excellent make and design. Carved walnut and gilt, black and gold lacquer of Chinese style. Richly painted satinwood, French lacquered, etc., ranging from 10 guineas up to 700 guineas.

Special attention is directed to several sets of exquisite design and finish, comprising roomy wardrobes, dressing chests, washing stands and chests, chairs, etc A complete bedroom suite in Old English style offered at 17 guineas. Complete sets in Chippendale and Sheraton style at 18 guineas, and also sets in figured Walnut of Queen Anne and William and Mary design from 27 guineas Collection of Old Oak Bedroom effects, including Elizabethan style four-post bed, Cupboards and Old Oak Chests. Many fine old pieces worth the attention of connoisseurs.

DRAWING-ROOMS in English and Continental styles, including some choice specimens of painted satinwood, Walnut and Gilt, Black and Red Chinese lacquer. A magnificent Louis XVI set, covered real hand-made Aubusson Tapestries, being offered at 85 guineas (cost over treble).

LARGE LOUNGE SETTEES and EASY CHAIRS of exceptionally fine make, most having loose down cushion seats and backs, and covered in choice silk velvets, tapestries, and art linen, ranging in price from settees 3 guineas each up to 35 guineas, and easy chairs 45s. each up to 20 guineas

PIANOFORTES Baby Grand and Upright, from 10 guineas.

CARPETS, Persian, Turkey, Indian, and English Axminster.

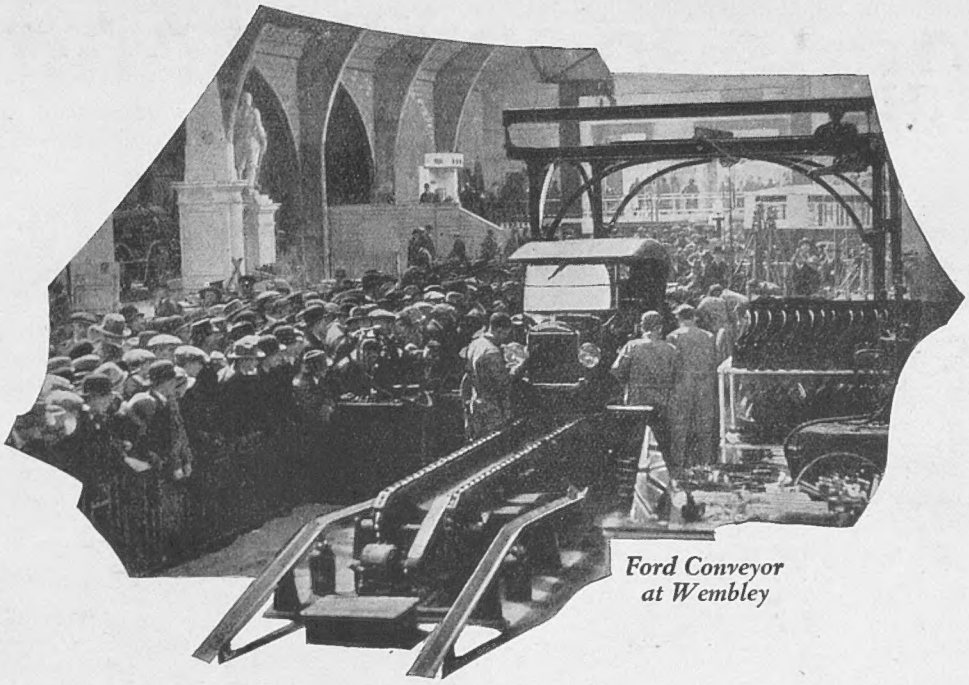
Complete canteens containing cutlery, by Mappin and Webb, and other eminent makers, from £4 4s.; fine cut-glass and other table services; silver-plate, tea and dinner services, grandfather and bracket chiming clocks, iron safes, quantity of bed and table linen.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT
H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN

COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (P.) NOW READY. MAY BE HAD FREE ON APPLICATION.

FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES LTD.,
(By Royal Appointment to H.M. The King of Spain).
PARK ST., UPPER ST., ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.1.

Train fares and cab fares allowed to all customers.
'Buses 144a, 43a & 43f, 10, 143a, 4a and 30 pass our door.



Ford Conveyor at Wembley

TO EVERYBODY VISITING WEMBLEY

As you watch the British Ford grow beneath your eyes from bare frame to finished car, remember that you are watching something more significant than an engineering achievement.

For these Ford manufacturing methods, besides marking an epoch in motoring development, represent no small contribution to the sum total of human happiness.

Their introduction swung wide the gates of motoring to the man of moderate means.

Labour-saving, time-saving, material-saving, they showed the way to attain low price for high quality.

That millions can now afford to motor, results largely from the lead set by Henry Ford and his steadfast adherence to the ideal of "Motor transportation within the reach of all."

. . . .

This Exhibit is, indeed, far more than a Ford display — it symbolises a milestone in the march of human progress.

In the Palace of Housing and Transport sixteen Ford Cars are being built daily.

Ask your Authorised Ford Dealer to demonstrate the new British Ford.

Touring Car
£125
At Works

Coupé
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"Tudor" Saloon
£190
At Works

"Fordor" Saloon
£215
At Works

Ford
BRITISH MADE

FORD MOTOR CO. (ENGLAND) LIMITED. TRAFFORD PARK, MANCHESTER

Hairdressing Artistry

AN AVOWAL of the conditions of perfect comfort under which a woman submits her hair to the artist hairdresser is no mere platitude. It is no unseemly ostentation because it is a matter of the most supreme importance.

COMFORT engenders the calm repose of features, invites the habitual expression. Hairdressing peculiar to the Phyllis Earle Salons is largely a matter of psychology.

THERE is no artistry ministering to a woman's beauty more individual than that of the dressing or treatment of the hair.

IN RECOGNITION of these considerations the salons of Phyllis Earle enjoy the favour of the most fastidious.

	£	s.	d.
Shampoo		2	0
Cut, Singe and Shampoo		3	6
Waving		2	0
Water Waving Naturally Wavy or Permanently Waved Head		3	6
Shampoo and Water Wave		5	0
Shampoo and Marcel Wave		4	0
Shingling, First time		5	6
Shingling, Subsequently		3	6
PERMANENT WAVING—			
(a) Full Head	£5	5	0
(b) Half Head	3	3	0
(c) Side Pieces	1	5	0

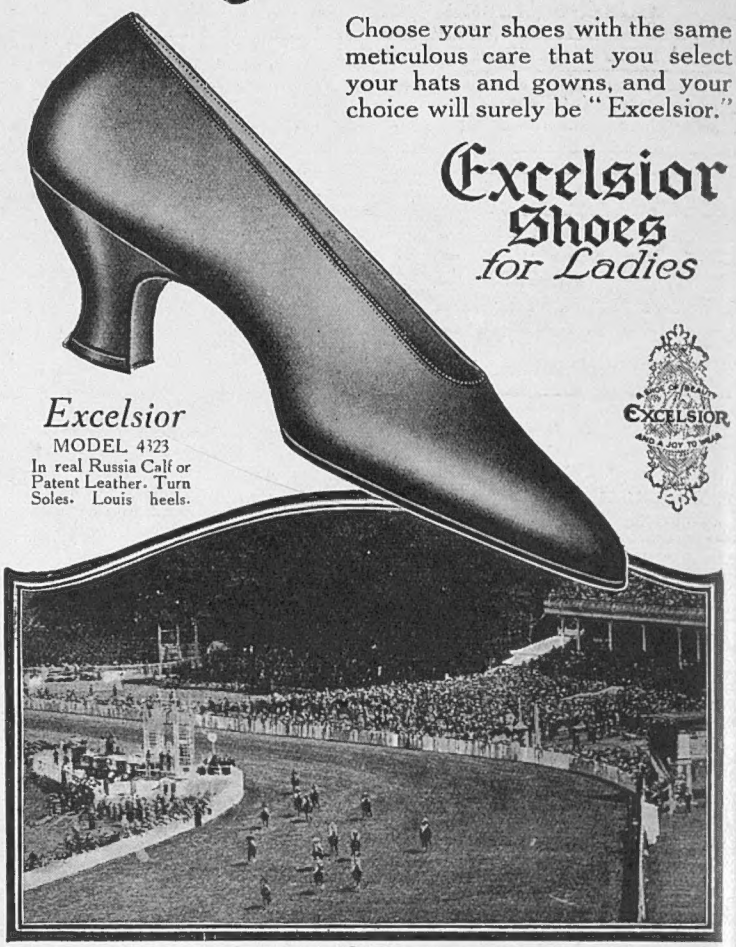
Phyllis Earle Salons

15 NORTH AUDLEY STREET, LONDON, W.1
(Near Selfridge's)
'Phone Mayfair 3046 (3 lines)

Shoes for Goodwood

Choose your shoes with the same meticulous care that you select your hats and gowns, and your choice will surely be "Excelsior."

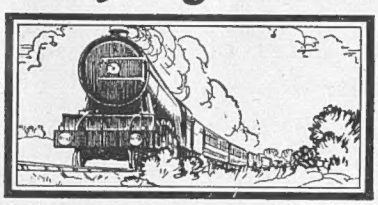
Excelsior Shoes for Ladies



Excelsior
MODEL 4323
In real Russia Calf or Patent Leather. Turn Soles. Louis heels.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining Excelsior Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & CO., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL.

North-from King's Cross by the "Flying Scotsman"



AMONG the Expresses which leave King's Cross for Scotland by the East Coast Route is the "Flying Scotsman," the oldest and most famous train in Great Britain.

It travels through country richer in glorious scenery than any other between England and Scotland—Abbeys, Castles, Cathedrals and Historical Remains—and along some sixty continuous miles of English Seaboard.

The "Flying Scotsman" departs at 10 a.m. each week-day. Other Restaurant Car Trains, a Pullman Train and Sleeping Car Trains take the same route at intervals during every twenty-four hours.

East Coast Route to Scotland

Shortest and Quickest for
EDINBURGH DUNDEE
ABERDEEN PERTH INVERNESS

Write for full information to the Passenger Manager, L.N.E.R., King's Cross Station, London, N.1. or enquire at any L.N.E.R. Ticket Office.

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Our July Linen Sale will save you many pounds. Send for Sale Catalogue 44T now. A post card will bring it to you. Carriage paid on all orders of 20/- upwards in the U.K.

Big Price Reductions are made for our July Linen Sale. In some cases as much as 27½ per cent. has been taken off. All goods guaranteed to be of good quality.

LINEN SHEETS.

B157.—Special value in extra heavy bleached Irish Linen Sheets. Made for hard wear from specially selected yarns.

2 x 3 yards (single bed), per pair **46/-**

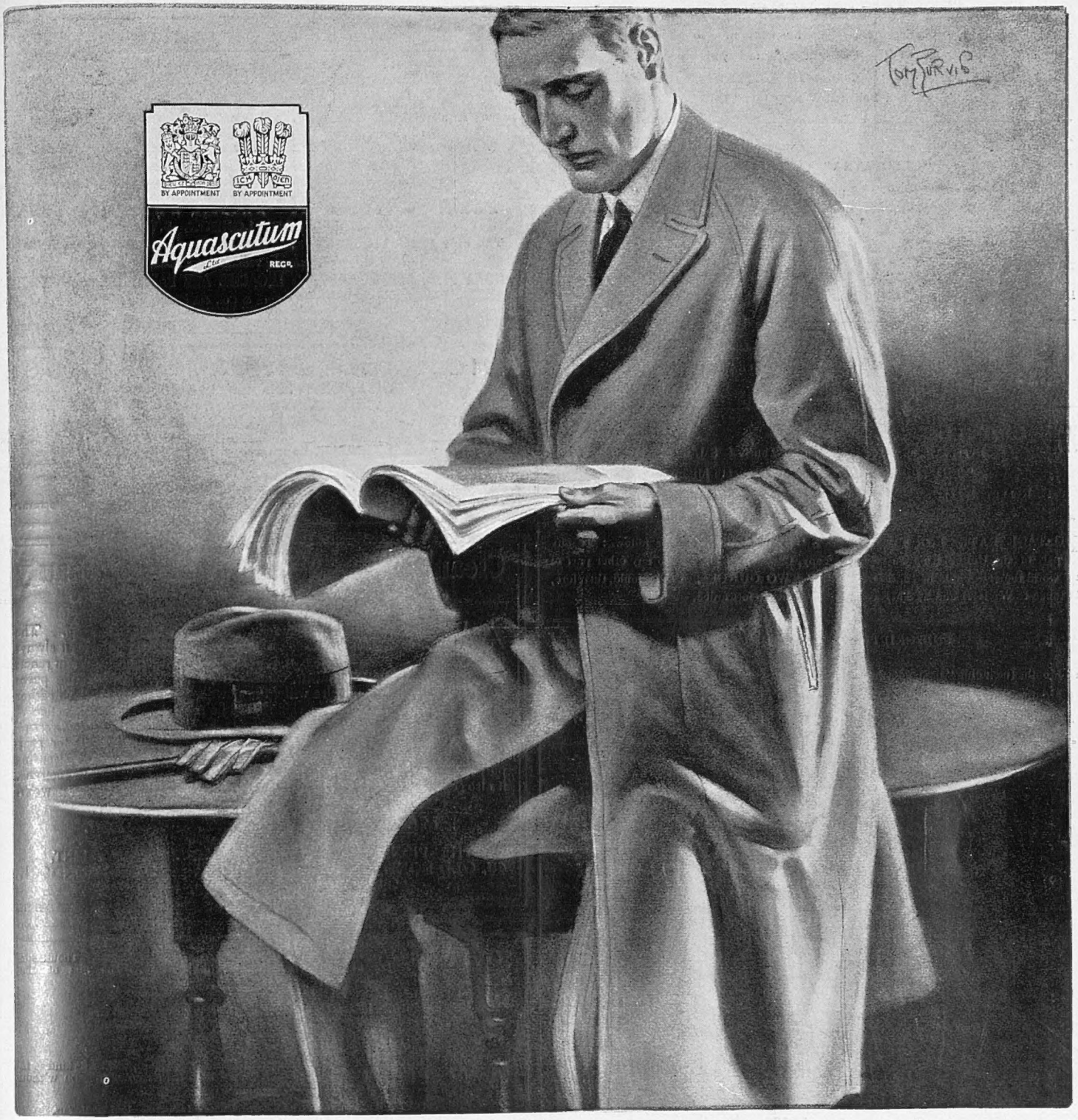
2½ x 3 yards (double bed), per pair **58/3**

LINEN PILLOW CASES TO MATCH.

20 x 30 ins, **47/6** per dozen
22 x 32 ,, **51/-** ,,

We also have a splendid selection of Linen Table Cloths, Tea Cloths, Bedspreads, Face Towels, Handkerchiefs and all fancy Linens.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD.
Linen Manufacturers
LONDON **BELFAST** LIVERPOOL



New premises of Aquascutum at 100 Regent Street

"AQUASCUTUM" Weatherproofs—pure new wool and self-ventilating, come in one quality only, the best that seventy years' experience can command. There's the original style 'Scutum and many new models, in colours and markings for formal and informal wear. The old style 'Scutum is moderately priced at £6 6 0 in plain cloths: £7 7 0 in overcheck. Aquascutum "Field" Coats (waterproof and windproof), 3½ to 5 Gns. Ladies' Aquascutum Coats same prices. Mention of "Bystander" will bring by return post 'Scutum catalogue and patterns. Agents in most towns.

AQUASCUTUM, REGENT STREET, LONDON

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross). (Box Office 10 to 10. 'Phone: Gerrard 7540)
Twice Daily at 2.30 and 7.45.
THE ENTIRE DIAGHILEFF BALLET
and Full Star Variety Company.

DALY'S. Evenings at 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.15.
"CLEOPATRA" (A Musical Comedy.)
Jay Laurier, Alec Fraser, Neta Underwood and Evelyn Laye.
Special Dances by Carl Brisson and Mdlle. Tilly.

GAIETY. (Gerr. 2780). Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.15.
"KATJA, The Dancer."
LILIAN DAVIES. IVY TRESMAND. GENE GERRARD. GREGORY STROUD.

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"FALLEN ANGELS" by NOEL COWARD.
TALLULAH BANKHEAD. EDNA BEST.

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Gerr. 606).
Evgs. at 8.30. Matinées, Tues., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.30.
"THE PUNCH-BOWL." 2nd Year. 5th Mixture.
ROBERT HALE. Sonnie Hale. BLANEY & FARRAR.

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The Glory of Her Hair

THE glory of a woman's hair is its lustre, its rich colour of bountiful Nature.

Science defies the decree of Fate that the beautiful in all living Nature shall fade. Inecto is the instrument of Science which ensures that the glory of a woman's hair shall endure.

Inecto is a simple treatment you may carry into effect at home in a brief half-hour. It recolours the hair and in doing so imparts every attribute of Nature's own artistry.

Your hairdresser can tell you more about Inecto. He has our dainty beauty brochures, or you may have them on request from our Salons. "Hair Recoloration" is a booklet which tells how Inecto may be used in the privacy of your home in one application only.

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SALONS
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PRINCIPAL - - SIR LANDON RONALD, F.R.A.M., F.R.C.M., &c.
PRIVATE LESSONS in all musical subjects, and STAGE TRAINING in Elocution, Gesture, Stage Dancing. **Complete Musical Education** at inclusive fees, £9 9s. and £12 12s. Opera Class Saturdays. Special Training Course for Teachers (approved by Teachers' Registration Council). Prospectus and Syllabus of Local Centres and Local Schools Examinations (open to general public) free.
Tel. Cent. 4459 & City 5566. H. SAXE WYNDHAM, Secretary.

Cleanliness the First Step to Beauty
"PATTI ROSE CREAM."

A DULL complexion is generally due to careless cleansing. The exquisitely fine cream cleanses the skin thoroughly, keeping it always fine-grained and clear. When it is applied the warmth of the skin reacts chemically upon its constituents, causing it to liquify, penetrate the pores and dislodge—as nothing else will—the powder and impurities which gather there. Every treatment of the skin should be preceded by an application of this cream, and when soap and water are to be used "Patti Rose Cream" should always be applied first. It is in itself a complete substitute for soap and water, and is invaluable when travelling and also for regular cleansing purposes where water is too hard to be safely used. Cooling and soothing, it also gently nourishes as it cleanses, and acts as an excellent basis for powder.

In Jars 5/6, 10/6 and 21/-.
MARY SCOTT ROWLAND, Ltd.
(Gold Medallist),
THE PIONEERS OF MODERN FACIAL TREATMENT,
40, OLD BOND STREET (First Floor) (Piccadilly end), **LONDON.**
'Phone: Gerrard 7253. Established 1887.

OVER 90,000 little children die in England alone every year. Thousands of these deaths are preventable. The aim of the
Battle for Infant Life
is to find means of prevention and cure to reduce this appalling death-roll. In the forepart of the Battle stands
THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
a recognized Centre of Research, Teaching and Treatment, the largest of its kind in the Empire. But it is burdened with debt and cannot fulfil its national mission without generous support.

An urgent appeal is made for contributions in money and service. Full particulars, and a booklet "Many Ways of Helping in the Battle," will gladly be sent on request.

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL, Vincent Square, London, S.W.
President: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES.
Chairman: J. GOMER BERRY, ESQ.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

Le Zoute (Belgium).—GOLF HOTEL.

FRANCE.

Fontainebleau (S et M).—HOTEL SAVOY.
Le Touquet—Paris Plage.—HOTEL REGINA FERRAS.
Paris.—HOTEL LINCOLN, 24 Rue Bayard (8e).

SWITZERLAND.

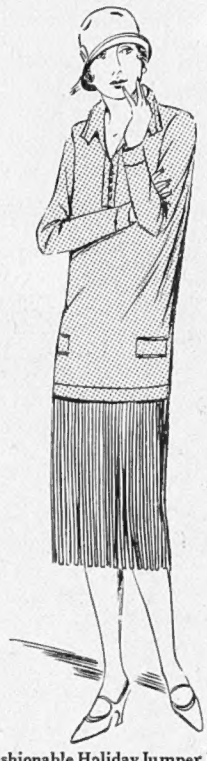
Geneva.—GRAND HOTEL BEAU RIVAGE.
GRAND HOTEL DE LA PAIX. New Management.
Grindelwald.—BEAR GRAND HOTEL.
Gstaad (M.O.B.).—ROYAL HOTEL & WINTER PALACE.
Klosters.—SPORT HOTEL SILVRETTA.
Lausanne.—HOTEL BELVEDERE.
LAUSANNE PALACE HOTEL. New Management.
HOTEL DE LA PAIX.
Lucerne.—HOTEL DES BALANCES ET BELLEVUE
Montreux.—EDEN GRAND HOTEL.
MONTREUX PALACE.
Montreux-Territet.—THE GRAND HOTEL.
Ouchy-Lausanne.—BEAU RIVAGE PALACE HOTEL.
HOTEL DU PARC.
St. Moritz.—HOTEL BELVEDERE.
CARLTON HOTEL.
GRAND HOTEL.
HOTEL LA MARGNA.
Saanenmoser.—SPORT HOTEL AND KURHAUS.
Vevey.—BELLALIA CLUB.
GRAND HOTEL ANGLETERRE.
THE GRAND HOTEL & PALACE.
Zurich.—DOLDER GRAND HOTEL.
GRAND HOTEL VICTORIA.
HOTEL HABIS-ROYAL.
HOTEL ST. GOTHARD.

NEW CLOTHES
AT REDUCED PRICES DURING THE SALE.

With a view to keeping our workers fully employed during the last few weeks, we have made up a number of Coats, Coats and Skirts, Coat-frocks and Dresses which have been specially designed for the forthcoming Season. These garments are made from the finest quality materials, and we feel confident that in offering perfectly fresh new clothes during our Sale at these exceptionally low prices we are taking a step which will meet with the approval of the majority of our customers.

Becoming Gown in good quality georgette over crepe de Chine foundation, simple bodice attractively finished on shoulder with flower to tone, novelty petal skirt. In Black, Beige, and many good colours.

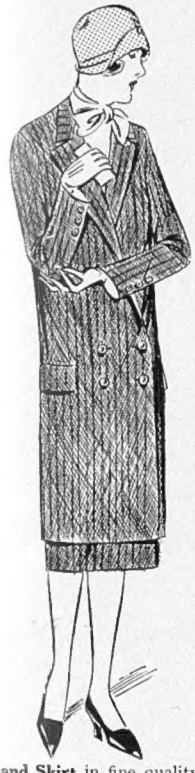
Sale Price **£5 18 6**



A Fashionable Holiday Jumper Dress, with top of novelty suede cloth in bright colours and pleated skirt of rich crepe de Chine in white or to tone. In many artistic colours.

Actual value, 10½ Gns.

Special Sale Price 7½ Gns.



Coat and Skirt in fine quality West of England and Saxony suitings, attractive three-quarter coat, finished with pockets and lined figured satin, well cut, wrap skirt. In a good range of colours. Actual value, 10½ Gns.

Special Sale Price 8½ Gns.

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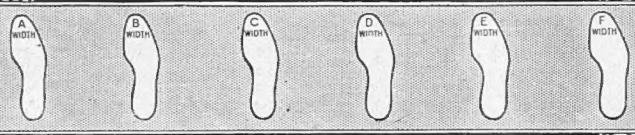

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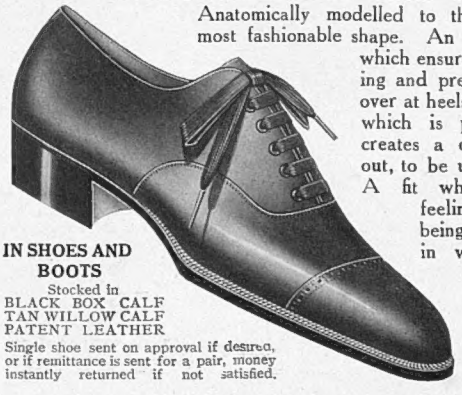

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The Bystander, July 15, 1925 No. 1128. Vol. LXXXVII

The BYSTANDER

Central Press

LADY KAREN AGAR

The fourth daughter of the Earl and Countess of Normanton, in the grounds of Somerley, her home in the New Forest. Her engagement to Lieutenant Herbert Pretyman, R.N. (retired), was recently announced

"My heart was so free, it roved like a bee,
Till Polly my passion requited."

Bertram Park

The amorous Macheath (Frederick Ranalow) protesting his affection for Polly Peachum (Kathlyn Hilliard) with song and (comparative) sincerity. A scene from "The Beggar's Opera," recently revived at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Praying for Rain

DURING the recent dry spell, when theatrical managers were groaning for a break in the weather, it was suggested to one of them that they should ask one of the Strand churches to include the prayer for rain in its Sunday service. The suggestion was well received, but, like so many suggestions made to theatrical managers, was not acted upon.

A Hole in the Tank

AFTER all, there was nothing very surprising in the idea that the clergy should be called in to help the actors in the trying times they have experienced. When farmers are suffering from the drought, their first thought is to ask their vicars to pray for rain. The incumbent of an up-country parish in Wiltshire went one better, and took this step on his own initiative before it was necessary, with the result that he became very unpopular. On enquiry, it transpired that his water-tank had a hole in it!

Mabel's Mistake

MABEL RUSSELL was in a bit of a quandary last week when she was reciting her "little piece" at His Majesty's Theatre. It runs, you may remember:

> Waterloo Bridge is rocky.
> But that don't matter to me,
> I can always walk over Hun-
> gerford Bridge,
> Or Blackfriars Bridge,
> Or Westminster Bridge—
> There's plenty of bridges, you see!

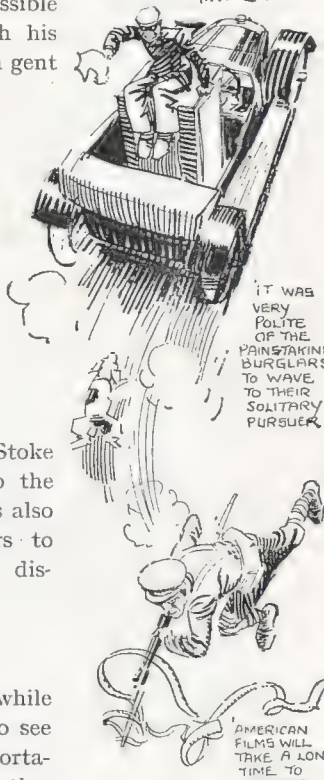
The point being, of course, that owing to road reconstruction, Blackfriars Bridge was impassable during the early part of the week. Every night, she told me, she was expecting some gentleman from the south side to remark: "Ho, can you? You go and try!"

Father and Daughter

TALKING of His Majesty's Theatre, Tree's "beautiful theatre" will shortly have to share one of its present distinctions with the smaller but equally pretty Savoy Theatre. The two Hales, *père et fils*, have been appearing in the *Punch Bowl*, but, in a little while, Robert Courtneidge and his daughter, Rosalie, will be appearing in *On Change* at the Strand house. This return of our leading manager to the boards is a matter of the greatest possible interest, and I foresee an ovation which his handling of the part of an elderly Scottish gent will thoroughly justify.

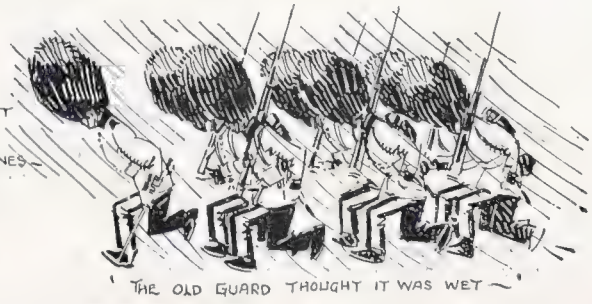
Painstaking—and Polite!

IT is always amusing to give copy-book maxims the slight twist necessary to make them become thoroughly unmoral. There must be such a maxim about taking pains and overcoming difficulties that are apparently insuperable. If so, it must have been taken to heart by the motor-car bandits who, having failed to open a safe in a house at Stoke Newington, N., boldly carried it out to the waiting car and got away with it. It was also very polite of the painstaking burglars to wave to their solitary pursuer as they disappeared round the corner.



A Heartless Hoax

IT was characteristic of our race that while British film fans were quite satisfied to see the local industry killed by American importations, they have been roused to frenzied action by the impudent behaviour of the over-clever Yank who brought ridicule upon one of our most cherished institutions. American films will take a long time to recover from the blow, and if our British producers know their



business, they will find in the heartless hoax played upon the Hampshire territorials the rock upon which they may raise an organisation that will withstand all outside competition. They have their chance. Let them take it with both hands!

Two Examinations

We have heard a great deal of the grey-haired "boys" who have been sitting for the Civil Service exams open to ex-Service men, but the experience could not have been new to many of them. I remember sitting for a written examination at Cambridge, during the War, at which the competitors were private soldiers endeavouring to qualify for commissions, and, on each side, I had neighbours whose combined ages certainly topped the century. That examination was not difficult—I passed it myself—and I hope the examiners of to-day are making it as easy for these same men to return to their job as it was made easy for them to return to their other job ten years ago.

What a Relief!

Memories of war-time were also stirred by that amusing misunderstanding that sent the old guard to St. James's and the new guard to Buckingham Palace—with the result that the latter found no one to relieve. The official reason for this—that the old guard thought it was wet and decided to cut the ceremonial and get to the guard-room—must have made the men of Kitchener's Army smile. It had to be wet in those days. How often were eyes turned upward with the impious incantation: "Send it down, Peter!" and how often did Peter fail to oblige—until parades were over for the day, and we were cleaning up with the idea of giving the girls a treat.

PRETTY COOL-IDGE By E. T. Reed

President Coolidge: "O my de-ar friends! Have we not gotten here another golden opportunity for one of those great American acts of Christian renunciation and sublime sacrifice? (*sotto voce*) incidentally calc'lated to *settle the hash of other folks!*"

(*Japanese papers please ignore*)

That Silk Dressing-Gown

A newspaper devoted to the interests of one of the political parties now in opposition has been poking fun at Winston Churchill because he was given a silk dressing-gown by the grateful members of the Silk Manufacturers' Association. Obviously, it is the duty of an Opposition to oppose, but I would like to see the Chancellor of the Exchequer presented with a pair of boots, a lace collar, a motor bicycle, a flannel night-shirt and a scuttle of coal if his actions had justified such attentions from the heads of our leading British industries. They can even give him a new hat if he earns it in the manner I have described.

A Bitter Pill

We lives and we learns by the experience of others. When a stranger called at a Southend garage with the intention of getting a car on the cheap, he proved that he was a doctor by offering the owner a pill. You would have considered that evidence conclusive, wouldn't you? But, no! The wicked man wasn't a doctor at all! And so, if a chance acquaintance offers you a plate or charges you six-and-eight, don't lend him a fiver in the belief that he is a clergyman, or a lawyer. He probably isn't either.

A Son of Solomon

When the gentleman mentioned in the preceding paragraph was charged with stealing the car, he explained that he only meant to borrow it, and that he was going to give it back on his return from Brighton. I asked a famous "legal luminary," who sometimes talks to me at the Club, if you could charge with theft a man who had borrowed your car for a joke, and he looked frightfully worried about it. Finally, he said that he thought no jury would convict, "but," he added, "you could charge him with stealing the petrol!" Which only goes to prove that Solomon had descendants—a fact which does not surprise me in the slightest.

A Radio Revue

You haven't seen me in my headphones, have you? What a treat you've missed, to be sure. I listened in to the first revue ever staged on any wave-length, and a nicer lot of girls I have never——I mean, they were as nice a lot of girls as I have never seen. I won't tell you all about it, because you were there, but I *was* frightfully intrigued when the Uncle with the nice voice asked us all to send in postcards to say what we thought of the show. Actors pretend that they hate and despise Press notices, but don't you believe it. They long to be told how good they were, and, evidently, the wireless sort are no exceptions to the rule.

A Pertinent Reply

Jack Hobbs, who failed to make a hundred against Hampshire—because he didn't play—has added to his popularity by his very pertinent reply to an enthusiast who congratulated him on the last of his many centuries. "A small score," said Jack, "is sometimes more useful than a big one!", a remark which proves that the Surrey crack has retained his sense of proportion, and is in no danger of having to buy a bigger hat than the one with which he started this strange, eventful season.

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

WITH THE PRINCE IN SWAZILAND

L. E. A.

The Prince of Wales with members of the Civil Service and the Resident Commissioner, Mr. de Symons Honey, and Mrs. Honey. The photograph was taken at M'babane, the capital, where a dance was held in the Prince's honour. Owing to the fact that he arrived on a Sunday, this was held from Sunday midnight to three o'clock the next morning

Central News

ROYALTY AT WEMBLEY

The Queen, who is an enthusiastic supporter of the British Empire Exhibition, photographed on the Railodok with Lady May Cambridge. This was Her Majesty's sixth visit to Wembley

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Stanleys

THERE are four houses to which the King pays a visit once a year —Knowsley, for the Grand National, Goodwood for the races, Bolton Abbey for grouse shooting, and Elveden for pheasant shooting. This year, His Majesty's illness prevented the usual visit to Knowsley for the Aintree meeting, but it was paid last week, the occasion being the big agricultural show at Chester.

Knowsley, a huge house near Prescot, came to the Stanley family in the reign of Richard II. by marriage with an heiress; in fact, like the Leveson-Gowers, Lord Derby's forbears laid the foundations of a great fortune and gained big estates by a series of "advantageous matrimonial alliances."

Such a marriage brought a Stanley over six hundred years ago to Lancashire from Staffordshire, where the family lived at Staneleigh—the Anglo-Saxon for "stony lea"—whence they took their name. In all the early documents they are called de Staneleigh. This, later on, became corrupted into Stanley.

A Kindly Thought

PRINCESS Mary did a gracious and very kindly thing when she attended the great evening rally of the Girls' Friendly Society at the Albert Hall. It was intimated to her that few or none of the girls ever had the opportunity of seeing her in evening dress, and that being feminine "they would love it." So the Princess went dressed and be-jewelled exactly as if she were going to an evening party or the Opera. The friend who told me of the incident said the girls were in ecstasies, and that nothing the Princess could have done would have given them greater pleasure. One girl said in the hearing of my friend, "Oh, I shall remember this for always."

Princess Beatrice

PRINCESS BEATRICE went to Belgium immediately after the musical party she gave at Kensington Palace at which the Spanish orchestra, Betique de Chambre—of which I shall have something further to say a little later on—was the great attraction. She went to the Prince and Princess de Ligne, at their Château de Belœil, near Mons, and from there visited the grave of her youngest son, Prince Maurice of Battenberg, who was killed in action early in the War. The de Lignes are amongst the oldest of the noble Belgian families, and have been Princes of the Holy Roman Empire for the past 300 years. In addition, they are grandees of Spain and hold Austrian and Bohemian titles bestowed upon them when the Austrians ruled in the Low Countries and in Spain.

AT LOWTHER HOUSE *British Illus.*

The Duke and Duchess of York greeting guests in the grounds of Lowther House. The photograph was taken at the garden party given by Sir Humphrey and Lady Leggett to the East African Society to meet the Duke and Duchess

The Opera

I MUST admit that the report of the London Opera Syndicate with its story of financial loss comes as a surprise. Personally, I thought, judging from the full houses on my various visits this season to Covent Garden, that if there was no big margin of profit at the end of the season, it would be a case of

G. P. U.

COMING OUT IN SPOTS

Mrs. Warner — complete in "camouflage" frock—with her Dalmatians, which were easily spotted at the Richmond Dog Show

Readers are hereby reminded that entries for our Finger-Print Competition should be made ONLY on the form to be found on page 158

Sport and General

A STUDY IN EXPRESSION

Miss Rixon smilingly faces the camera with Dr. Fothergill's "Border Chief," at the Richmond Dog Show. To judge by the latter's *blasé* expression, "that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere," seems to be a characteristic of mastiffs as well

"expenses cleared." Appearances, clearly, have been deceptive.

The Syndicate has come to the conclusion that "there seems no possibility of making such an undertaking self-supporting." We are always being told, and we are always telling ourselves that we are not a musical people, but the odd thing is that opera continues all over the world—everywhere except in England—solely by reason of State, municipal or private subvention. The millionaires of America keep at least two Opera houses going. In Italy, France and Germany the State or municipalities provide the necessary subvention.

Despite its loss on the season the Syndicate is optimistic. They say "the liabilities are not such as supporters of music need unduly fear, provided that a sufficient measure of public support can be obtained." But we still have to wait to know whether we shall have opera next year at Covent Garden. The report says, "If, after final examination of the results, the London Opera Syndicate feel justified in embarking upon another season of opera in 1926, they will endeavour to issue prospectuses and invite subscriptions before December."

The subscriptions are the essential factor. In the days when Melba, Jean de Reszke, and Caruso drew crowded audiences to Covent Garden, practically every box and a large proportion of the stalls were sold before the season opened. It was the custom then for people to take a box or stalls for certain nights each week during the whole season. Bachelors found it an

Central New

IN THE JUDGING RING

Lady Edward Hay on "Gateboy" during the judging of the Lightweight Hunters at the Aldershot Command Horse Show. This event, which was open to the world, was won by Mrs. H. Adamson's "The Crow"

Sport and General

THE IRISH BRIGADE

Some of the Irish Wolf-hounds, complete with owners, submitting quite tractably to the photographer at the Richmond Dog Show. The champion dog was Mr. Barr's "Courage of Grevel"

BEFORE THE BELL RANG

A general view of Lord's during the luncheon interval on the last day of the Oxford and Cambridge match. As usual, the spectators took advantage of the interval to inspect the wicket—and the dresses

IN A NEW RÔLE

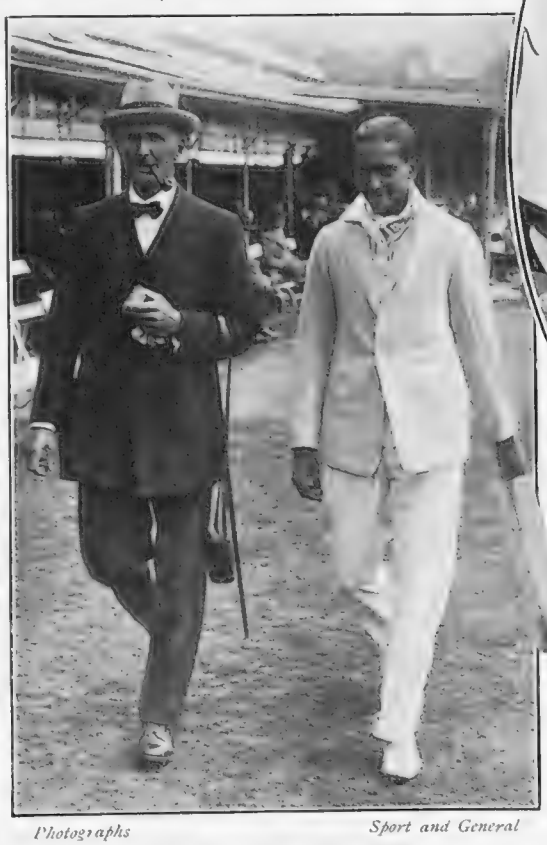
Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, who in his day was one of the mainstays of the Cambridge eleven, photographed at Lord's with his wife, when he once more supported Cambridge—but this time as a spectator

easy way of returning hospitality. If they had a couple of stalls for two nights a week they either took a friend or sent the tickets to a married couple to whom they owed a debt of cutlets.

It was the same with the richer folk who took boxes. On the nights they couldn't go or didn't want to go, they could always "pay a compliment" by lending the box to somebody to whom they wished to be either civil or kind. These subscriptions for the whole season constituted the backbone of the financial side of the Opera.

The Difference

THERE's no getting over one fact. The Opera nowadays hasn't got the social significance of the Victorian and Edwardian times. The omnibus-box on the stall-tier which used to be occupied by King Edward—both as King and Prince of Wales—and his friends, night after night, sees no member of the Royal Family now. The Royal box above, in which Queen Alexandra sat so frequently, has been occupied only once this season. Opera-going ought not to be a social matter, but it has become one of our traditions. Well, it is up to the younger generation to prove that opera is a matter of loving and understanding music, and not a question of fine feathers and tiaras. As things stand now, it seems there are not enough genuine music-lovers to make an opera season a financial success, or enough of the other sort to make it a social success.



Photographs *Sport and General*

"BLUES" OLD AND NEW

The famous "all rounder" C. B. Fry, who captained the Oxford eleven in 1893, photographed at Lord's with K. S. Duleepsinhji, who was awarded his "blue" this year. The latter took two Oxford wickets and made seventy-five runs

A PLACE IN THE SUN

The Earl of Oxford, accompanied by his daughter, Princess Bibesco, watch the 'Varsity match at Lord's. The game ended in a draw, Cambridge leading by fifty-nine runs on the first innings

Modern Mothers

MOST social phases are echoes or repetitions of history, but at no period have the relations between parents and daughters been what they are to-day. They are entirely the product of the twentieth century.

This reflection was borne in upon your Bystander after hearing several mothers of daughters comparing

AT CHESTER *I. B.*

The King at the eighty-fourth Annual Show of the Royal Agricultural Society at Chester last week. The President of the Royal Show, Sir Gilbert Greenall, is seen on His Majesty's left

notes at a party. Each of their daughters had gone to dances, but not a single one of those mothers knew where. The daughters, too, made their plans irrespective of family arrangements, accepting invitations, and even going away on visits without any reference to their mothers. In short, the only point upon which they consulted their parents was money.

These particular daughters—and I think they are typical of a good many other daughters—seem to have solved the problem of how to get a good time in life without doing anything in return. They live in their parents' houses, are fed, clothed, and provided with money, yet live an entirely separate and independent existence, consulting no one's wishes except their own, and giving no service. This phase of feminine life has had no counterpart at any other period.

One interesting point is that the mothers do not complain. Their attitude is "Well, short of shutting the girl up, we can't prevent it, so I suppose we must let her do as the other girls do." And I think some of the mothers look on at the endless games and dances, the rushing hither and thither in two-seaters with Augustus, Hildebrand and Percy, with the impersonal detachment one has at a play, wondering what will be the outcome of it all, and if their daughters should find husbands, how they will manage the housekeeping.

Some mothers, I believe, have insisted on knowing where their girls are going, but after a while they drop even this last sign of parental authority.

A Delightful Orchestra

THE Marchioness of Carisbrooke is making a most interesting effort to promote international good fellowship through music. Her first step was to take a group of English musicians out to Spain where they gave their first concert at the Royal Palace at Madrid in the presence of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria Eugénie. This and the succeeding concerts were the greatest possible success.

Lady Carisbrooke has now brought a Spanish orchestra—L'Orchestra Betique de Chambre—to London. This orchestra was founded at Seville by de Falla, and is under the conductorship of Senor de Halffter Eriche, a rising young Spanish composer. It gave its first performance in London at Kensington Palace at Princess Beatrice's party, which I have mentioned above. This, of course, was private. The first public performance took place last Tuesday at the Ritz in the presence of the Queen of Roumania, who is on a visit to her sister, the Infanta Beatrice at Esher.

I'm afraid I'm not sufficiently educated in modern music to appreciate some of the items on last Tuesday's programme, but two songs by de Falla, sung by Mme. Eva Gauthier, were charming, and the playing of the orchestra delightful—absolutely. the note conveyed by "Concerts Intimes Internationales," printed at the top of the programme.

The orchestra has already appeared at a party at Mrs. Harry Brown's at Spencer House, and will play at a party given by Mrs. Lawson-Johnston. There will be two more concerts at the Ritz on the 16th and 20th July.

Sport and Gene

ON THE RAILS

The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort watching the judging at the Royal Show at Chester. One of the features this year was a display of nine hundred and eighty Cheshire Cheeses—which certainly provided more than a little local colour!

AN INTERNATIONAL GROUP *Special Press*

Two of the foreign officers who were invited to take part in certain events in the Aldershot Horse Show photographed in the ring with two of the officials. On the left is Lieut. Moraes Sarmento of the Portuguese Cavalry; on the right, Lieut. Bizard of the 29th Dragoons of the French Army

Scottish Moors and Forests

BY all accounts the letting of moors and forests in Scotland promises well for the season. The Duke of Argyll has let Blackmount Forest in Argyllshire to Mr. Robert Fleming, and also Limecraigs in the same county. The Duke of Richmond has also let two of his forests in Banffshire,

Lecht, to Mr. Andrew A. Watt, and Glenavon to Sir Ian Walker. Lord Whitburgh is renting the Marquis of Tweeddale's shooting at Hopes in Haddingtonshire, and Lord and Lady Londonderry will again be at Lochoire Lodge which they are renting from the Duke of Sutherland. Sir John Sinclair has let Barrock in Caithness to Baron Henry de Ville, and Lord Novar has done the same with his house, Novar, in Ross-shire, his tenant being Mr. Sydney Martineau. Mr. Alfred Farquhar will be at Cortachy Castle, Lord Airlie's place in Forfarshire, and Colonel Baillie, the husband of Baroness Burton, will have Mrs. Senff of New York as his tenant at Dochfour. Major Nairn will have Glenshero, one of Sir John Ramsden's numerous properties.

Another American tenant will be Mr. E. H. Litchfield of New York, who has again taken Erchless in Inverness-shire. Lord Henry Nevill will be at Knockshannock in Forfarshire, and Sir Ernest Pollock at Dalnabrek in Perthshire.

A National Necessity

EVERY sort and kind of person holding every sort and kind of view was present at the Albert Hall last Wednesday evening for the inauguration of the National Playing Fields Association. The Duke of Sutherland was in the chair, with the Duke and Duchess of York on either side of him. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Duchess of Atholl, Viscountess Astor, Miss Margaret Bondfield, all spoke, and they were followed by Mr. J. H. Taylor, the well-known golfer; Mr. H. M. Abrahams the athlete; Mr. W. W. Wakefield, captain of the English Rugby XV; Mr. A. E. R. Gilligan representing cricket, and Mr. Max Woosnam representing Association football.

From the Duke of York — who accepted the presidency of the Association — downwards, each speaker voiced the crying need for more playing-fields and recreation grounds throughout the country. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald put the whole question very neatly when he said, "With great spaces being built upon in these days, we are apt to forget that in the long run the economies of playing fields might yield a much larger percentage, if measured in human quality, than any other investment to which space could be put."

The meeting really started what is going to be a big national effort to provide playing-fields in crowded areas. As the Duke of York said, it is one of the most important duties we have, to provide for the boys and girls of to-day opportunity and encouragement so that they may develop into happy and healthy citizens of the future. It is an object in which everybody should help, so you should send your contribution to the honorary treasurer, Mr. Noel Curtis-Bennett, National Playing Fields Association, 166, Piccadilly, W.1.

Vandyk

THE WEDDING GROUP

Captain Clive Martyn, M.C., and his bride, the Hon. Vera Jessel, the second daughter of Lord and Lady Jessel. The group shows the bride and bridegroom, the bridesmaids, the Hon. Doreen Jessel, Miss Barbara Martyn, Miss Rosemary Rees and Miss Dolly White, the train-bearer, Master John Miller, and the best man, Capt. the Hon. James Stuart. The wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square

Lafayette

A SERVICE WEDDING

Sub.-Lieut. Randal Charles Slacke, R.N., and his bride, Miss Marguerite Stevens, after their wedding at St. Paul's Church, Bedford. The bride is the only daughter of Colonel Stevens, C.B.E., Chief Constable of Bedfordshire

Photo Press

ENTER THE BRIDE—QUIETLY

Miss Pauline Stanbury arriving at St. Margaret's, Westminster, for her marriage to Mr. Norman Bailey Woolworth last week

BY DAVID WILSON

THE PREMIER'S "OLIVE BRANCH" PIPE CLEANER—CAN HE PULL IT THROUGH?

BETWEEN THE ACTS

By Blanchette. *Illustrated by* HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *July* 13

DEAR COUSIN—

WHO said holidays? There's been a wisp of a whisper going around about these frivolous affairs for some time past, though must say I've dutifully and strong-mindedly done my very bestest not to listen thereto or lend an ear. But *rather* a nice kind of idea, meseems, to be sort of dallying with and discussing (even if not taking any more drastic and practical action) now that July's here.

THE best things have such a way of happening, don't they, *between* the acts? Even in plays, sometimes. And in our so-called real life, do believe it's at the hectic and exceptional and unusual moments that most of us are really most truly and frankly ourselves—which means, of course, that we give things a chance to happen. For when you're all tied round with the red tape of just ordinary existence, whether it's the work or the play kind, that *daemon*, as the ancient Greeks called it, that's ourselves, hardly ever gets an earthly, does it? And it's when we're right out of our groove and, so to speak, unnatural that we're most truly natural—afraid that's almost and well-nigh what they call an epigram, but I simply *had* to do it.

Rather nice, too, isn't it, suddenly to book your ticket to a little selected spot (or one you know naught whatsoever about) in Devon or Somerset—or Wales or Essex—and simply utterly and entirely lose from that very moment (until the horrid other moment of return arrives) all manner of responsibility for your actions or anything that is yours? I mean, there you are, and you've booked yourself up at your hotel or *pension* for *x* days or weeks, and your destiny's completely fixed up and confided to other hands for the aforesaid *x* (or *y*) period, so far as the mere ordinary details of life are concerned, that is. The complete freedom of servitude, in fact. . . . Yet another almost-epigram! I shall really have to be more careful, or they'll be telling me I'm trying to be a G. K. C. or Oscar Wilde, or G. B. S.—who have, or had, when they stand on their heads, the rather unfair advantage of trousers.

WELL, there we are, anyway. The horrid deed's done. We're hopelessly and irrevocably tied down about all the merely business details, and it only remains for us to decide what we'll do with all the leisure moments that you've bought (at a price). And, oh! that glorious irresponsibility of a holiday! Almost worth the five guineas or so a week (without extras), isn't it? Just to know that for *x* or *y* weeks you're quite completely and undiscussably cut off from all manner or kind of communication with the outside world (if you've been wise enough to leave no address)—those now distant and almost unbelievable persons who in London more or less seemed to own your telephone and fixed up all your parties for you. Until such time, that is, as "one's train of dismal thought reaches its terminus at Waterloo," to quote the *rather* sweet Napoleon of Morris Harvey at the after-dinner *Nine-to-Eleven Revue* at the Little Theatre.

"You book your ticket to a little selected spot"

"At the Kit-Cat Club"

IT'S really rather horrid, though, of somebody to have suggested or, somehow, insinuated, into my so-called mind this idea of holidays, because I don't feel quite able to cope, after it, with that other perfectly good idea of the Season that's still got at least a

week or two to run. Yet the theatres are going remarkably strong, especially at the Everyman, where Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*, with Sybil Arundale in one of the big parts, has been such a success that it's to go to the St. James's this week.

HAVEN'T got much use, as a rule, your Blanchette hasn't, for what they call the highbrow stuff in the way of plays. But must confess this little effort of what I once thought the over-earnest and even almost slightly boring Henrik has fairly got me and knocked me all of a heap, as you might say. Oh! boy, this is the stuff. Just quiet, ordinary domestic happenings (none of your *Fallen Angels* female "drunks" or *Spring Cleaning* street-lady sensations), yet it's simply packed with real honest-to-goodness drama all the time.

BUT, after all, what do these mere plays matter, when there're really serious things toward (as the antique writers put it) like golf, or lawn tennis—we're all being post-Wimbledon Suzannes or Lacostes now, aren't we, or even mere Joan Frys?—some of whom, by the way, in these post-Wimbledon days, have been playing in less strenuous tournaments south of the Tweed (this, apparently, being the stern and wild limit beyond which they shall not go). Like the little party of only four hundred guests, or thereabouts, for luncheon at Moor Park, which, despite its loyalty to the Royal and Ancient, entertained some thirty Wimbledonians (including Miss Ryan, Miss McKane, Miss Collyer, and the Lycetts) and quite approved.

OR even going to the pictures—and talking of pictures, isn't it nice to know that a Renoir they bought only a few years ago for a mere £4,000 has just gone for a somewhat less paltry £20,000. Moral and motto whereof is, I suppose, *nil desperandum*, or, in other words, perhaps someone'll buy one of *my* works for £100,000 or so, too, quite soon, thus enabling your Blanchette to indulge for once in a holiday worthy of her station, not to mention deserts.

TALKING about holidays, by the way, am told the very latest thing is to wear your evening frock (well rubbered) in the sea, *plus* local jewellery, also of rubber, or some other sort of satisfactory *ersatz*—so that no very great or serious change is needed even if you're next called upon to dance at the usual nightly gala of the local hostelry. All of which rather tends to show, does not it, how we're starting to simplify life and make it much easier to be both beautiful and virtuous—what?

"A merely intellectually superior person"

ALSO, and even more important, that when you're once fairly started on your holidays, you're a more or less irresponsible person, and no one can call you to account even if you do the most irresponsible things, and go about with the most irresponsible other people that your own world of Kensington or Hyde Park wouldn't even in their wildest moments begin to dream of knowing.

STILL, let me remind you, spite of all these irresponsibilities, life does, somehow, seriously go going on. They've invented, for instance, at the Kit-Cat Club (where the Dolly Sisters are once more with us), a perfectly good new cocktail, and there are reports that Ciro's has thoughts of buying a new band, and even at the Embassy there's a wild rumour that Mr. Luigi has at last been persuaded to contemplate the idea of decorating his place up so that it looks more like a restaurant than a public library or barn.

BUT, of course, that's one of the secrets, isn't it, of the really popular places—to look, I mean, so superbly simple and yet contain all the best and most select members of the peerage, not to mention authors and dramatists and actors and others of the *intelligentsia*.

BISLEY is still busily bizzling this week, and I do hope the best and bizziest busy B. in the whole show will win. Oh, and the Royals are giving a couple of perfectly good garden-parties next week, and dances still loom ahead, though thinning out, like the Season. We're in the lilies and languors of July now, after the roses and rapture of June—and these, as Winston puts it, are rather piebald days.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

"Wear your evening frock in the sea"

Queens of "La République Française" En Fête

THE REWARD OF BEAUTY

The "Queen of Queens" installed in regal state on the Throne of Beauty at the recent Paris Fête. The youngsters in the foreground, who are guarding Her Majesty, represent the "Republic of Montmartre"

Photographs G. P. U.

A "ROYAL" GATHERING

The "Queens" of the French towns, from which the "Queen of Queens" is chosen, photographed together at the Paris Fête. This year's "Queen of Queens," Mlle. Adeline Basso, follows the honourable profession of fish saleswoman in Marseilles in her less regal moments

Motley Musings

BY HARTLEY CARRICK

THE League of Nations is said to be a very costly institution. The expenses, however, would be almost negligible if the delegates were paid by peacework.

. . . . . .

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM has been trouncing the British musical public. When he does talk, Beecham spills a mouthful.

. . . . . .

"JACK HOBBS has climbed the topmost rung of the ladder," says a contemporary. Was the latter thinking of Jacobb's ladder?

. . . . . .

WE read that the entire chorus of a certain musical comedy is now wearing earrings. Well, they've pierced our ears often enough.

. . . . . .

GREENWICH COUNCIL have purchased a chestnut which is 700 years old. Several about that age have been sent into this office lately.

. . . . . .

There was a young lady of Flamb'ra,
Who sang at the local Alhambra;
But the words she'd repeat,
Went to nearly blood heat,
Or so say Negretti and Zambra!

. . . . . .

AFTER years of arduous research, Professor Oozleberry (may he choke!) has established that it was a Yankee who first said "Bo'" to a goose.

. . . . . .

The flapper's axiom:
Always to taxi home!

. . . . . .

IT is stated that a large number of miners are dissatisfied with their leaders. It is always irritating to empty stomachs to know that empty heads are responsible.

SHOCKS FOR OXFORD

["I was disappointed in Oxford. What it chiefly lacks is some slap-up hotels."—*An American Visitor.*]

City of spires, pay heed unto this Yankee.
What though you boast of Trinity or Johns;
For such as these he doesn't give a thank'ee,
Nor for your Deans and Dons.

He thinks "The House" no better than a villa,
Magdalen and Balliol do not appeal;
To him the Isis conjures up vanilla!
"The High's" not his (h)ideal!

But chiefly your hotels annoy that writer.
Though once we thought "The Clarendon" O.K.,
For that and our beloved Alma "Mitre,"
He has no praise to-day!

Are you so wrapped up in your dim, remote age,
Of chewing gum and Yankees unaware,
That your hotels are in their TABLE D'OTAGE?
A scandalous affair!

City of spires and streams, O ancient Mother,
Shake off your dreamy, academic bonds.
Give us a new Criterion, another
City of Spiers and Pond's!

IN an interview an American oil king has stated, "I always wanted as a boy to be a pirate." And to think that some of us never have our wishes gratified!

. . . . . .

THE FLAPPER'S TRAGEDY

(*a*) To be bathing.
(*b*) To see in the distance a charming young man.
(*c*) To simulate cramp.
(*d*) To shout for help.
(*e*) And then to be rescued by a man with a ginger
(*f*) beard!

. . . . . .

THERE is a rumour that the Hyde Park panel is to be removed. 'Ep, 'ep, 'ooray!

. . . . . .

A jovial glass to life enchantment lends,
But Heaven preserve us from our booze'em friends!

. . . . . .

"DOESN'T Doris dance divinely?"
"Yes, she's quite the Jazzebelle of the ball!"

. . . . . .

AT the Agricultural examinations recently held in Cambridge we note that the plough was well to the fore.

. . . . . .

"IKEY, you can have this bedstead for ten bob."
"Send it round and I'll sleep on your offer."

. . . . . .

ANSWER to Correspondent: No Bishop cares to be referred to as the Old Man of the See.

A CEREAL STORY

BY GLOSSOP

HE: "I really wish you wouldn't knit when I'm eating, dear. It's quite impossible to tell where *my* spaghetti ends and *your* jumper begins!"

Wise in Her Generation

BY STAN TERRY

FATHER: "It's absurd! Bridge parties, dances, night clubs, theatres, night after night. You re becoming a regular child of the Devil!"

DAUGHTER: "Oh, father!"

"CLO-CLO"

AT THE SHAFTESBURY

Produced June 9, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by
MACMICHAEL

THIS amusing entertainment is described as "A Farcical Musical Comedy." I cannot say for certain that the adjectives have been placed in their right order, but the farce and the music are there all right. As the French say, the more it changes the more it is the same thing, and *Clo-Clo* is just the stock musical comedy, with a little more nonsense than usual to suit summer audiences. The farcical element has, no doubt, been introduced to fit the temperament of the lively Cicely Debenham, who is usually too busy with her romping fun to have time to waste on the part of a merely sentimental heroine. The greater quantity of the light music is by Franz Lehar; but very successful excursions into modern musical humour are made by Mr. Max Darewski, who is responsible for most of the songs that help along the farcical side of the entertainment.

THE story opens in a "Bohemian Club in Paris," and with such a scene, of course, all things are possible. The Bohemians are all awaiting the arrival of Clo-Clo, about whom at first we know nothing except that she seems to have a rather jerky name. Presently Clo-Clo appears, making a sort of State entry, and she turns down two proposals of marriage inside of the first ten minutes, perhaps to show us that she is not out for sentiment. Her first business is to explain that she is in urgent need of five thousand francs to pay a fine, in default of which, apparently, she is due for six weeks' "hard." She was returning home from a ball, when a few of the revellers accompanying her decided to turn a public thoroughfare into an improvised dancing saloon. The improvisation was, in fact, so sudden that it held up the traffic in the street, and very nearly caused a riot. A policeman tried to push Clo-Clo out of the way, and she retaliated by slapping his face. Ladies are, of course, privileged persons the world over, but they must not slap policemen. I have often wanted to slap a policeman myself, but if I did I know there would only be an untidy scene, and five—or perhaps six—of the gallant fellows would try to drag me to durance in order that I might expiate my sin. I do not know how many of them it took to get Clo-Clo to the cells, but she landed there finally, and was in due course presented at court, and fined the amount above stated. The Bohemians, with the generosity that is characteristic of their kind, at once pass round the hat; but the amount of the collection proves to be about enough to pay Clo-Clo's cab-ride to jail.

SIDNEY FAIRBROTHER AS MELOUSINE

CICELY DEBENHAM AS CLO-CLO
BILLY LEONARD AS WILLIAM

THEN Mr. Billy Leonard arrives on the scene with the usual study of the cheerful idiot that he has made so popular. He is described on the programme as Farmer William, but to judge by the vegetable produce he brings in a basket to the club he would appear to be more of a market gardener than anything. Still, he could hardly have turned up with a sheaf of corn, or a milch cow, and besides, as he has to sing of the countryside, the farm is probably more convenient, as the rhymes to market-gardening are so limited. Farmer William is, of course, in love with Clo-Clo, and she encourages him so far as to join him in a duet and dance. The song is about Tonga Bay, which is, apparently, a sort of earthly Paradise, and is, therefore, necessarily very far away from here. This is a very lively turn by Miss Debenham and Mr. Leonard, and at its close the applause is almost deafening.

THEN somebody remembers the plot of the piece, and we pick up the thread of the story again. Clo-Clo, not having paid her fine, is very apprehensive of a visit from the police, as everybody knows they are an awfully cliquish lot. She is wondering where on earth she will find five thousand francs, when M. Severin, the Mayor of Perpignan, arrives at the Bohemian Club. Oh, boy! as they say in the States. At home, the Mayor is a churchwarden, and one or two other very respectable things besides, but when he gets to Paris he proves that whatever he may be he is not bigoted. Clo-Clo knows him as "Papa," and, as the proverb tells us, it's a wise child that knows its owi

father. We gather that there is no real relationship between the two except such as they may have decided to establish on occasion. Severin tells us that he is fifty-two, but as he explains in an amusing song, Girls Are So Young, so what is a poor churchwarden to do? This part is taken by Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, who is, of course, the stalwart humorist of the production, and who is here droller than ever.

M. Severin has come to Paris in reply to a touching—very touching—appeal from Clo-Clo for five thousand francs to save her from a felon's fate, or something of that sort. As it happens, Madame Severin, otherwise Melousine, has read Clo-Clo's letter to her "Papa," and jumps to the extremely hasty conclusion that her husband had a child by a former wife, and carelessly omitted to mention the fact to her. So she hurries to Paris with the view of taking her imagined step-daughter away from the allurements of the Gay City, and giving her all the comforts of home in the family circle. In the second act the farce runs riot accordingly. Melousine, a delightfully ridiculous performance by Miss Sidney Fairbrother, is convinced that Clo-Clo is still a child, and dresses her as though she were nine or ten years of age. M. Severin, having, apparently, a guilty secret to hide, is obliged to share his wife's views. So we have Miss Cicely Debenham running about in the frocks and socks of childhood as though to the manner born — which, now I come to think of it, was probably the case.

Stage Photo Co.

THE SHAKESPEARIAN TOUCH IN "CLO-CLO"

The Mayor of Perpignan (A. W. Baskcomb), taking a leaf out of Sir John Falstaff's book, hides in a basket—a clo'-clo' basket presumably—to avoid the eagle eye of his wife. When the basket is lifted, the unfortunate Mayor finds that the bottom does not condescend to accompany it—with disastrous results to his dignity!

It is this quaint picture of false domesticity that affords the excuse for one of the best songs of the evening. Melousine, desirous of giving Clo-Clo the truly sentimental idea of home life, makes her sit between the two of them, and then all three sing of "The Old Roof Tree" and the dear old home. The song is very choice bathos, and the occasional wild turns taken by the melody here and there rightly evoke the cheers of the audience. This is farce at its best. Less convincing, perhaps, is the decision of the motherly Melousine that it is time that Clo-Clo (now renamed Babette) should be instructed in sex matters. Whoever wrote this scene certainly has been denied the gift of being improper gracefully. Miss Fairbrother does all that can be done with her rather clumsy dialogue; but she is heard to much better advantage later in the piece, in her amusing song entitled "Thirty Years Ago."

Miss Debenham and Mr. Leonard have a fine, romping duet, "Till the Band Goes Home," which is uproariously encored. I do not remember to have before seen Mr. Leonard to such advantage as in this piece. Now and again he drops his favourite buffoonery, and flings himself into the entertainment with the conventional musical comedy spirit, and the result is entirely successful. The expert vocalist of the play is Mr. Paul England, who takes the part of Maxime, an artist. Like most of the other leading characters, Maxime proceeds to Perpignan in pursuit of Clo-Clo, but, like every true Parisian, he feels every now and then the call of home. This call is expressed in a most attractive scene entitled "Parisian Blues," the choice of colour having evidently been made by somebody who knows. Here Mr. England sings in his robust and tuneful way, while from the background more or less shadowy ladies dance across the stage and beckon to him. I judge from this scene that the chief attractions of Paris are considered to be the ladies. I must make a note of that. For the rest, *Clo-Clo* is an excellent specimen of popular musical comedy, with more than the average share of mirth and jollity.

JINGLE

Dancing From Some New Angles

Navana

MLLE. ALANOVA

The well-known dancer, striking a distinctly Oriental note. She is at present appearing in the Princes' Cabaret, where she shows a large variety of dances

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"How a Scot's heart would bleed . . . ."

MES AMIS—

WILL those among you who are coming to France this summer be generous to a fault with your small change. It will cost you next to nothing to fling about the equivalent of halfpence, but you will do more for the social side of the *Entente Cordiale* than Cabinet Ministers can achieve by dozens of speeches. So far as British tourists are concerned, a holiday in France this summer is very nearly gratis in comparison with what it would be if the franc still ranked at twenty-five to the pound, but if you are wise you will never forget that the cheaper it is for you the dearer it is for a Frenchman, and one should do everything that is possible to smooth out the ruffles.

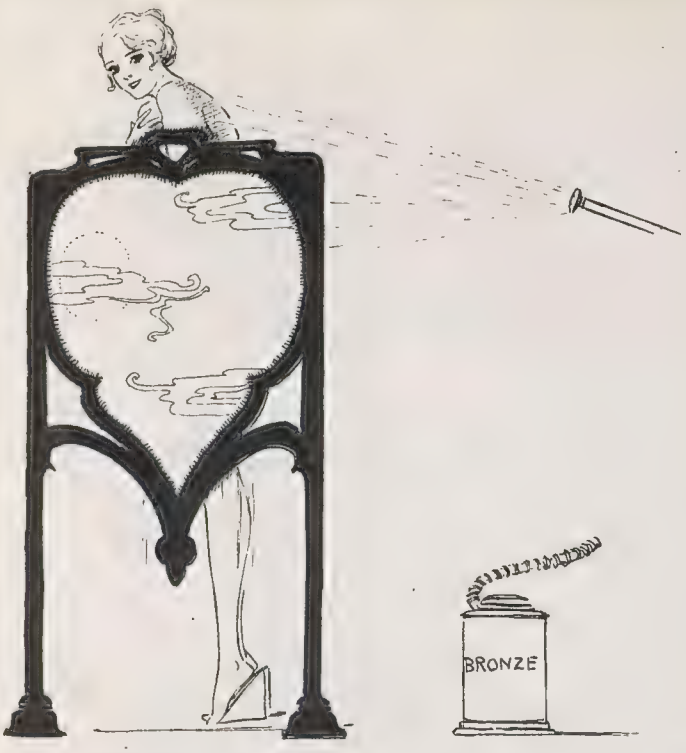
IN money matters the Frenchman's heart moves in sympathy (as they say on the Bourse) with that of Aberdonians. You can imagine how a Scot's heart would bleed if an Englishman could get for saxpence what cost him two shillings. Well, the Frenchman, although he realises it is all to the good of France that sterling-borne tourists should distribute their gains on this side the Channel, cannot help feeling wounded by comparative values; and when he sees Anglo-Saxons showing meanness over their tips or, on the other hand, exaggerating pound-pride or dollar domination, he is apt to emphasise a justified exasperation.

YOU may think it unlikely that people would be so tactless as to go flaunting a privileged coinage, but one hears of cases every day. There was a Person—one cannot call her anything else—whose conception of a short-cut to sensation ran to the waggling of a fan made out of French five-hundred franc notes in a Paris restaurant. Well, five-hundred franc notes do happen to be rather artistically designed, but even though they only cost five pounds a piece instead of twenty, you can imagine that the contemptuous implication frayed the edge of the French diners' appetites. And this is the type which gives a twenty-franc tip on a four-hundred franc dinner bill and thinks it has been lavishly generous!

ONE had already remarked that this is a season of brilliant colouring, exceeding perhaps all others in gorgeousness, but the raw material on which some of the painters have been working is none the less startling. Students of form at the Auteuil racecourse lost all their mathematics in the presence of a painted lady who had found cheeks and lips too limited a medium for artistic expression, and who had painted sprays of rambler roses where most of her sisters wear stockings. A gay lad sought an introduction by saying, "Excuse me, Mademoiselle, I think you've lost a petal"—having victimised his own buttonhole—but the rose-maiden did not receive his approaches at all well.

"The rose-maiden did not receive his approaches at all well"

OTHER colour-rioters have been splashing their brushes about in the *chambres à coucher* of the *mondaines*, where the *robe-nocturne*, this summer's substitute for the nightdress and the "peejama," would make Jacob's coat look washed out. And as such a confection could not be expected to associate with sheets of linen, the appropriate and compulsorily fashionable "harmony" has been sought in "sheets" of *mousseline de soie*, also ornamented with Impressionist fantasy. I suppose there are *demoiselles légères* who could sleep in *mousseline de soie* without having their dreams



"The new *mode* ordains that one must *se faire bronzer*"

complicated by the cubes and rhomboids of the pattern, but one doubts if they would be risked by the good, solid *bourgeoise*.

ONE would not be so bold as to say they would not, of course, for many of these good *dames bourgeoises* are thoroughly discontented unless they are following the fashions adopted by the *demoiselles légères*, not merely in wearing apparel but in other allurements. If it were not for the support of the nominally *sérieuse* element of the feminine population, the profession of beauty specialist would not be so thriving as it is at the moment, when the dividends are in the double-figure per cents.

Comme illustration nouvelle, take the case of this new *mode* which ordains that one must *se faire bronzer*—which, being interpreted, indicates that one must have a "sunburnt" skin even if one has not been in regions where a sun-bath "cure" is possible without attracting the unwelcome attention of cynical neighbours and the strait-laced authorities. Already there are many *bronzeurs-spécialistes*, proving that the *clièntele* must be remuneratively numerous. There is a thoroughness about this vogue for bronzing that is rather intriguing. You would have imagined that the application would be solely concerned with the face, the bust and the arms, on which the poor old out-of-date sun has the chance to do a bit of bronzing on his best days. *Mais non*: it is an essential part of the *mode* that the *élégante* must *se faire bronzer partout*. Puzzingly piquant.

ONE could have understood its being adapted to the abbreviated outskirts of a bathing costume. It must be a precaution against torn frocks at the overcrowded Casino dances, though it is hard to see how even the clumsiest dancer could step on one of these short-stop skirts. However, it would be tactless to pry into reasons, not having acquaintance with a *médecin-bronzeur*, so we will merely record the completeness of the tanning without further comment.

"The *robe-nocturne*"

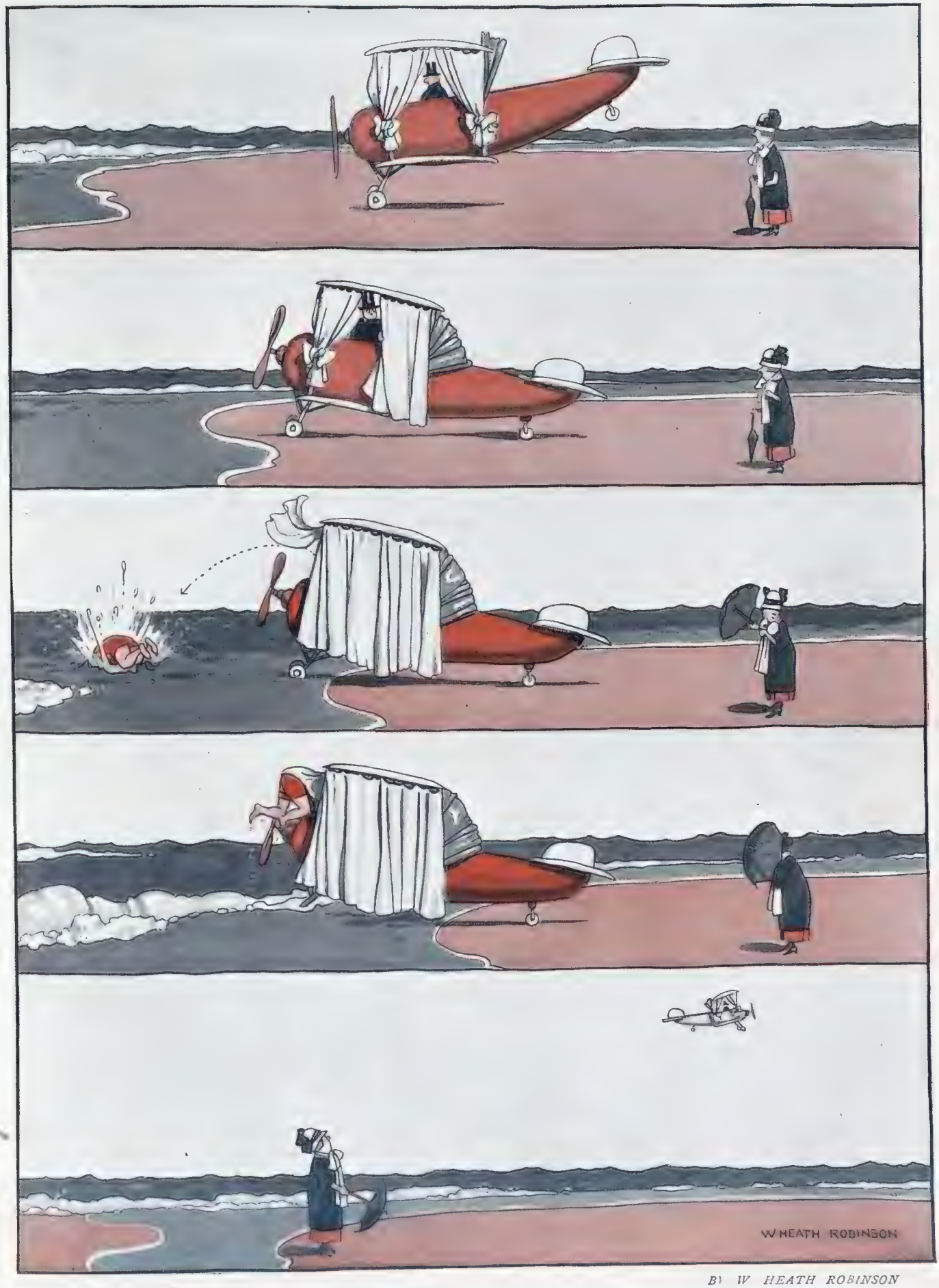
NOBODY has ever been quite sure of the origin of the name "*Jardin de ma Sœur*," one of the most delightful *dancings* of the centre of Paris, but everyone feels that it certainly ought to have a new name now, for Oscar, inspiriting organiser—never visible except just when you want him—has just been married. With Maurice the dancer, his brother, as the main lure for laggards, the "*Jardin de mon Frère*" might have sufficed, but now it certainly ought to be the "*Jardin de toute la famille*." The Sister, whoever she may be, should certainly withdraw in favour of the wife, particularly a wife like Peggy Vere—Peg o' my Heart to so many Paris music-hall and cinema-theatregoers.

FOR this wedding, Montmartre came down hill for an afternoon in town, and when Montmartre gets up so early it is only under very special impulse. But having contrived the necessary effort, Montmartre certainly introduced sufficient zest to make those of us who were at the reception appreciate that it intended this to be one of the liveliest celebrations which has ever been enjoyed by wedding guests.

DOWN-TOWNERS were set a very hard task to compete with their "stunts," and only Erskine Gwynne and "Sammy," with their burlesque of a slow-motion film of a prize-fight, reached the flattering standard of rivalry. "Family" entertainments of this sort make most ordinary "established" programmes seem very *fade*.

RENÉ

A Time-Saver for the 'Plane Business Man



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

How aviation enables the busy City man to get a sea dip between business appointments

THE FREEDOM

"Aquaplaning"—the new summer thrill for n

BY BLAM

OF THE SURF

ien and maidens who would rule the waves

Another Social Problem

BY CHLOË PRESTON

"WHY DID I KISS THAT GIRL?"

Good Times on the Telephone.

By Basil Macdonald Hastings

Illustrated by ALFRED LEETE

"Do not say 'Hallo.'" Thus reads one of the headings of pages in the *London Telephone Directory*. Personally I always say "Hello" because the telephone service reminds me somehow of eternal punishment. "Four — six — double— o — Hell-o," how often I have cried, as one distraught.

If you want an amusing ten minutes' reading you cannot do better than scan the headings in this Directory. When you have absorbed them, you will have a fair and fresh idea of the mentalities which control one of the most important and most provoking of the national services.

"Give name of Exchange first," we are ordered. I decline to do anything of the sort. If I call Holborn 4697, I am frequently given Holborn 469, because many operators will not wait for the completion of the number. If I call 4697 Holborn the operator is bound to get my complete message, as he can make no move till he gets the name of the Exchange. What the telephone authorities cannot realise is that the first thing to be considered is not the convenience of its staff, but that of the subscribing public.

"Emphasize consonants when giving numbers." Now what sort of absurd advice is that? It means that you must pronounce "one" as "onn." Try and emphasise the consonants in "two." You would only succeed in making a noise like the first half of a bird's tweet. If you hooked the "oo" to the end of it, the whole would sound something like an owl's hoot. Emphasize the consonants in "nine" and you get "ninn"; new English and very disgusting. As for "eight" I will give a prize to any telephone official who can articulate "ght" recognisably.

"If cut off on incoming call, replace receiver and wait." I have tried this, and here is the sequel. After about three minutes the bell rings. You pick up the receiver and are asked "Have you finished?" "I have not begun," you reply. "Didn't you get your London call?" "I was not making a London call. You rang me up and said that London wanted me. Then you brightly added 'You're through.' I was not through. I was cut off." The telephonist then asks if you knew who was calling you. You say that it might have been the Prince of Wales or Jack Dempsey or the public hangman. The telephonist then thinks you are a fool and observes, "I'll ask London who wanted you." You wait, say, ten minutes with receiver to ear, and presently are treated to a telephone concert which consists of a ghastly burring rattle, occasionally relieved by terrible explosions which nearly burst your ear-drums. The final message is "Whoever wanted you has gone away now. Sorry you've been troubled." You then turn to page 23 of the Directory, which bears the advice, "If an ambulance is wanted ask exchange for 'ambulance.'" One of these days they will want an ambulance very badly at a certain exchange.

"Answer with the promptitude you expect," and "Give the courtesy that you expect" are two gems. Why did they not say "Answer with the promptitude and give the courtesy that you *get*"? Methinks that the compiler of these headings had a twinge of conscience when he wrote the word "expect." Well, it is something to find the G.P.O. has no illusions.

Now I consider it my duty to prepare a few rules of conduct for telephone operators. I do not propose to descend to such thank-you-for-nothing precepts as "Ask for Trunks when booking trunk calls," or "Repeat numbers when asked by telephonist," or "Roll the R in Three." My rules will all be helpful and deal with points that, if we may judge from the headings in the Telephone Directory, have not yet occurred to the chiefs of the service.

"For the purpose of conversing with a perfect stranger"

RULE 1.—PUT SUBSCRIBER ON TO RIGHT NUMBER.

The reason for this is that the subscriber may be busy and may not want to extend his acquaintance. Moreover, the person who is wrongly rung up deserves consideration. He or she may be in the bath, and there is nothing more maddening than to have to cover one's wetness with a bath wrap and pass from the first floor to the hall for the purpose of conversing with a perfect stranger. Moreover, if you put the subscriber on to the right number you have got rid of him for the time being, and can get on with your knitting.

RULE 2.—DON'T ASK SUBSCRIBER IF HE HAS FINISHED.

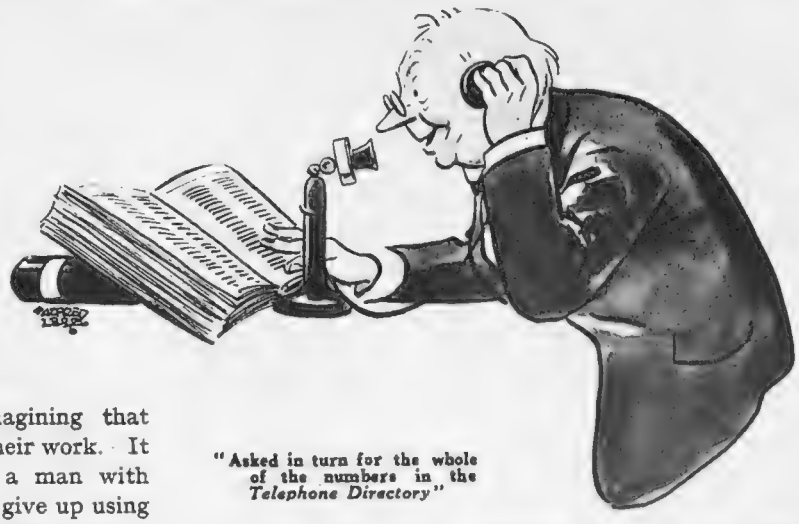
When subscriber has finished his use of the telephone he replaces his receiver, and thus automatically signals to you that the call is over. You then should disconnect him. Your present habit of ringing him up as soon as he has reached his desk, and forcing him to return to the 'phone to tell you that all is over, makes him gnash his teeth with fury and call down upon you the awful curse of the Half-Eared Telephonist, so that all your rabbits may die.

RULE 3.—DO NOT ATTEMPT TO DESTROY SUBSCRIBER'S HEARING.

Selfish operators frequently attempt to destroy the hearing of subscribers, foolishly imagining that they will thereby lessen their work. It is clear, of course, that a man with shattered eardrums must give up using the telephone, but if all the eardrums of the nation are destroyed there will be no telephoning and you will join the ranks of the unemployed. Therefore apply the Second Class Torture of the Burr of the Dentist's Drill, while keeping subscriber waiting, reserving the First-Class Torture of Air Raid Explosions only for the most abandoned of public nuisances. It may be good that all subscribers should suffer but they must not be exterminated.

RULE 4.—DO NOT BUTT IN ON CONVERSATIONS.

Subscribers who perhaps have had a glass of wine or two with their luncheon very much resent your breaking into a conversation and asking "Have you got them?" It is possible for you to discover this without asking any question at all. Such questions as "Have you finished?" and "Do you want another three minutes?" are totally unnecessary. From the moment of the opening of the conversation till the end of it you should remain silent. When the conversation is over your switchboard reveals the fact. Why don't you believe it? Why ask the subscriber to tell you something that you already know?



"Asked in turn for the whole of the numbers in the *Telephone Directory*"

RULE 5.—SAY "NO ANSWER" ONLY IN GRAVE EMERGENCIES.

If you are just finishing a needle, or Hildegarde, in the penultimate chapter of the novel, has just exclaimed "I don't care if you are the governor's son," there is a certain amount of reason for not being able to get a reply from a business firm with twelve lines. But you are not justified in the ordinary way in thwarting the subscriber's wishes. Telephonists who say, "No answer," just because their lunch disagreed with them, or because they do not like the *timbre* of the subscriber's voice, are reflecting discredit on our great service which should be the pride and joy of the willing tax-payer.

RULE 6.—DO NOT CLAIM THAT ALL NUMBERS ARE ENGAGED.

If a subscriber makes several calls in a morning it is extremely exasperating, but you must not hand him the "Number engaged—shall I call you?" sign except in very hot weather. A subscriber once wrote to headquarters that he asked in turn for the whole of the numbers in the *Telephone Directory*, and in each case received the reply "Number engaged. Shall I call you?" The point he made was that the telephonist was not to be relied on, as it was most improbable that all the telephones in London were in use at the same moment. He could not prove his contention, however, and the official view was that the telephonist should have let him have some of the numbers. When called upon for an explanation the young girl said that his voice smelt of cachous. She was transferred to another exchange.—THE END.

If telephonists will learn by heart these six rules, I believe there will be much happier times at both ends of the wires. Failing their success, I suggest a system of exchange of courtesies, whereby the fair creature at the switchboard may be cozened into getting what the subscriber wants.

Thus, will the G.P.O. allow the following conversation?

"Hello, miss. I say. I want a number. I wouldn't dare bother you in the ordinary way, of course, but I have two seats for *No, No, Nanette* to-night, and if it is your night off you can have them in exchange for 18849 Gerrard."

Alternately, how about this?

"Hello, miss. Give me 4598 Hop."

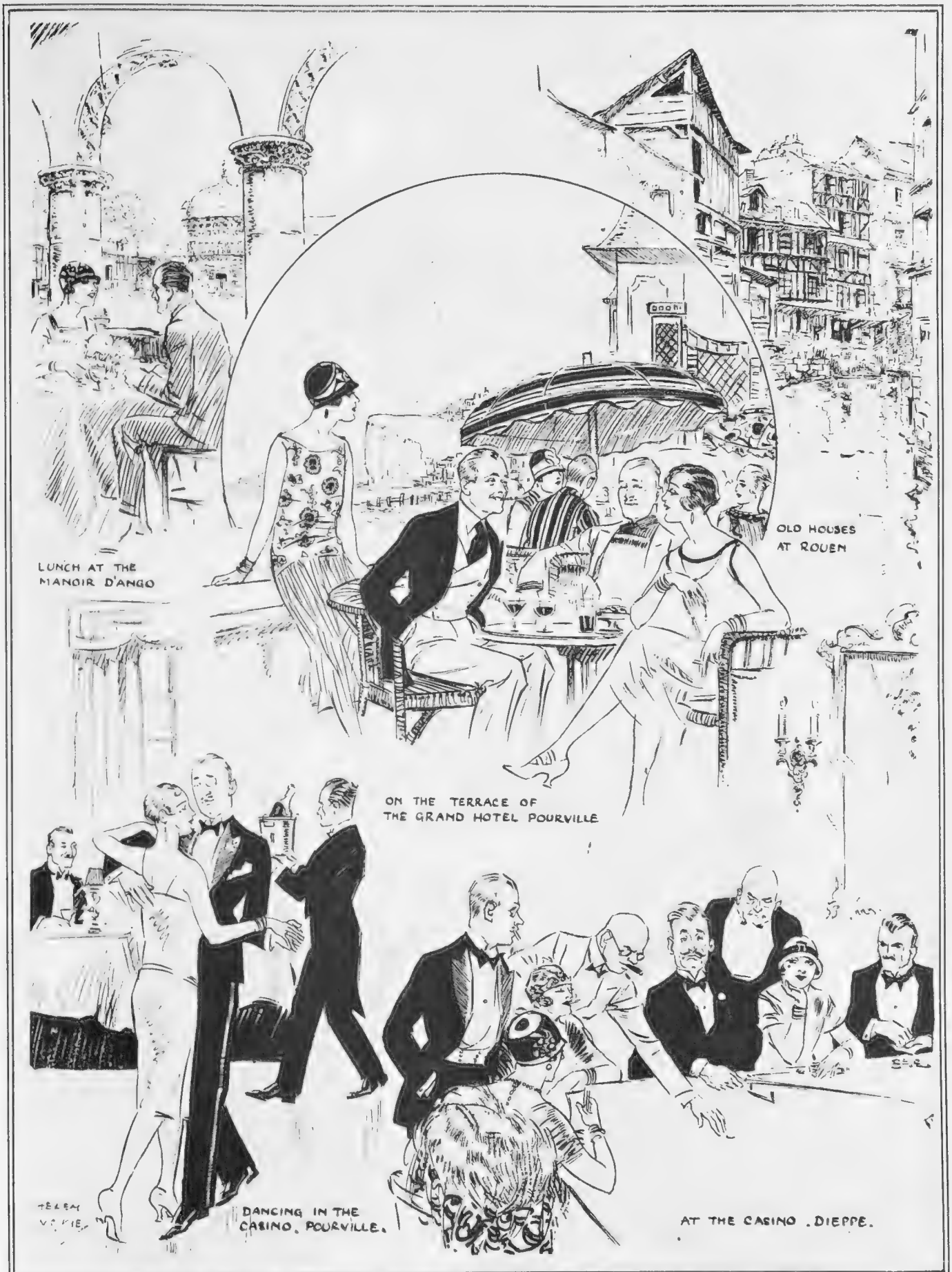
"I've a good mind to," the sweet girl might reply. "Your voice sounds educated. What is it that begins with an 'i' and ends with an 'm,' and means 'what they sing in church?' . . . What's that? Oh, ''im.' Why, to be sure! You're through to Hop 4598, bright boy." I know many a telephone subscriber who would be glad to make such bargains. B. M. H.

NOT "MINDING" IT

BY A. GELLI

"Why did you bring your golf-clubs? You knew there were no links here"
"To tell you the truth I forgot to leave 'em behind"

Some Pictorial Notes from Normandy's Pleasure Centres



BY HELEN McKIE

Some impressions gathered by our artist at those two popular continental holiday centres, Dieppe and Pourville, and outlying spots. Tennis, dancing, bathing, golf, and of course the tables, keep the visitor well occupied. Those who like to explore the neighbouring country can easily reach such well-known beauty spots as Le Manoir d'Ango, old Rouen, and the famous Argues forest

A Few Phases of Summer Sport

WHITE WINGS ON THE THAMES

Class "A" boats of the Upper Thames Sailing Club racing under Sailing Boat Association rules on the river at Bourne End. A heat for the Gold Cup, with prizes presented by Mr. H. W. Holmes and the club, is seen in progress

Photographs]

WITH SAILS SET

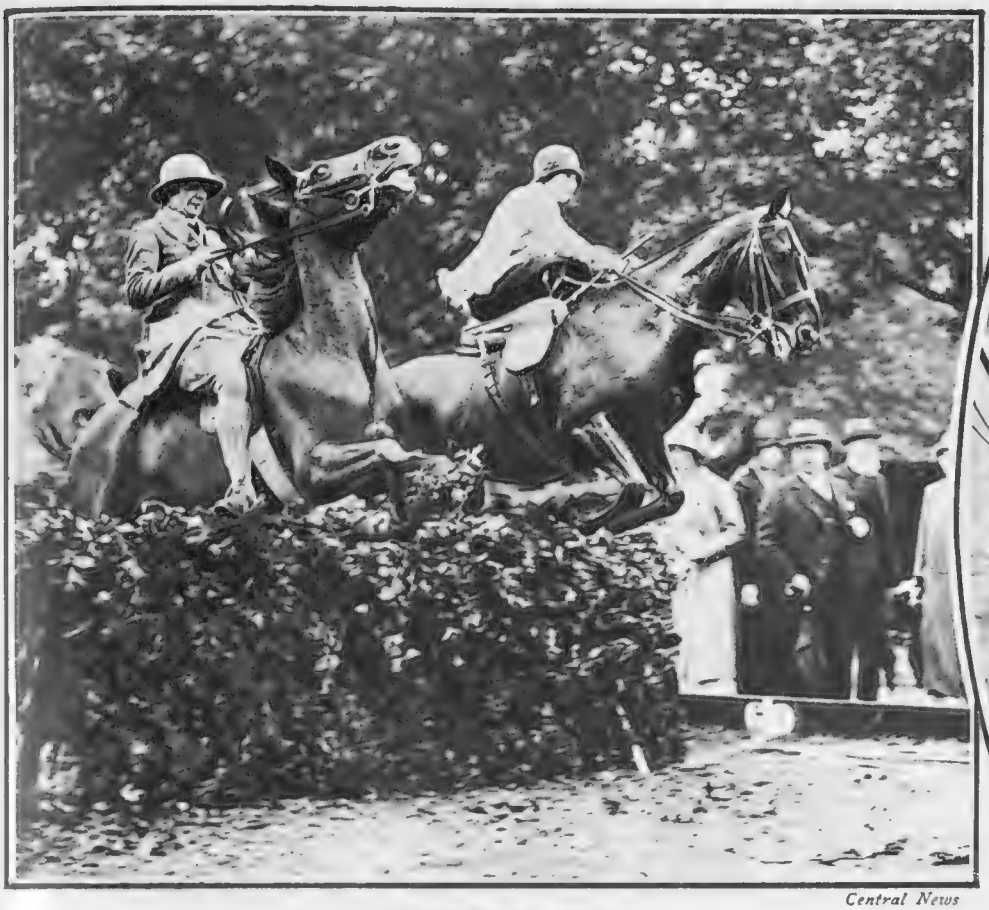
Mr. H. Scott Freeman's "Scamp" photographed in action at Bourne End. She won her heat in the Upper Thames Sailing Club competition for the Gold Cup, beating Mr. F. Siggrist's "Caprice" quite easily

[Sport and General

THE FINALISTS

J. D. Bookless, of Inverness (left), and J. I. Cruickshank, of Buenos Ayres, photographed at the first tee of the Cruden Bay course. They met in the final round of the tournament recently played there

as Caught by the Camera



Central News

A CONTRAST IN STYLE

Two of the competitors in the Ladies' Gymkhana at Hurlingham taking the bush fence. The easy style of the horse on the right is in marked contrast to the somewhat agitated appearance of the other mount!

AT HURLINGHAM *L. N. A.*

Lady Warrender photographed at the Ladies' Gymkhana which was recently held on the Hurlingham polo ground. She took part in many of the events, and won two of them

The Ladies' Gymkhana: A "Double" from Hurlingham

Photographs]

THE AERIAL WINNER

Captain F. L. Barnard, the winner of this year's air race for the King's Cup. He flew Sir Eric Geddes' Siskin V, and averaged 150 miles per hour over the 840 miles covered

[Sport and General

AFTER THE VICTORY

The Maharajah of Jodhpur with his polo team which won the Champion Cup at Hurlingham, beating the Duke of Westminster's Eaton team by eight goals to six. The team comprised: Thakur Prithi Singh, Capt. A. H. Williams, Rao Rajah Hanut Singh and Thakur Ram Singh

YOGO HAMA AMONG THE STAR GAZERS

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

No doubtlessly you shall jump for rejoicings (also 1,000's of Hon. Bystanders) to authentically learn I have now returned to my legitimate wits and do not any longer write through my hat re concerning to

"On the horns of a predicament"

be a Bolshik and explode you with a bomb. The sunstroke which I got in my head are now very much subsided and grown to be only a smallish bump. But, alasly, how shall I achieve to secure your pardonable forgivings for my so wicked commentings which, perhapsly, have caused to become Red numerous Hon. readers? This are a very awful thought to think and proves to show the so frightfullish responsibilities which rest on the pen of a world-wide and brilliant *literati*. Should it not be the best thing for me to unfurl a dagger and make honourable *hara-kiri* on the footmat of your exalted door for good amends? O yes, this shall be a very honourable demise and cause to mourn for sorrow 1,000's of persons at my grave. Now I shall count 3 and then pull the fatal trigger to my heart. *Vale* (Latin for au revoir). 1—2——

"Mr. Y. Hama, I imbeg you to not dagger yourself for good amends on my office footmat which I made to only recently purchase for 5/11¾, or otherwisely remunerate me 6/- in lieu before dagging," you beseek, Hon. Sir?

O, I ejacule gallishly, this shows you to be more heartless as a Cleopatra or other fatal femn! All so well, but consider to yourself how you shall face the 1,000's of infuriate Hon. Bystanders when they succeed to learn I have defuncted myself. I would not be in your kettle of fish for a good pensioning. 1—2——

"Stop, Mr. Y. Hama! Are you not cogniscent that *hara-kiri* are a very non-legal crime and persons performing same suffer very severeish punishments by law?" you ejacule?

Then I shall eschew a lb. of slow poison and defunct by instalments. O how sweetish it shall be, I whimple, to non-live in this wicked globe any more, but very reversely to acquire wings and other aerial feathers——

"Stay, Mr. Y. Hama, if you make to bite 1 slice of your fatal poison, I shall shoot you without the option!" you declam.

O this are very foul and sportless threating, I bemoan, which has placed me on the horns of a predicament. How far better it are to be talentless and non-brilliant, than to possess literary giftings which cause 1 to be only a slave like as Uncle Tom and other cabins!

"This shall be a very honourable demise"

"Now, Mr. Y. Hama, at lastly you are in my power, so kindly to lend me 1 of your ears. I have very exclusive informations re the International Astronomers' Union which meets itself at Cambridge. This are enormously epochal event and tremendous scooping. You will make forced or other marchs to Cambridge and produce me by telegraph authentic informations. This are very dangerous mission and shall necessitate you to carry your life in your hand. Kindly to not spare any expenses. Here are 2/6 on a/c. Go!"

On the Trail. (From our specially prepared correspondent.) The Special Bystander Astronomical Force arrived itself to on or about Lat. 6. Long 0.5 S. of Cambridge after frightful hard and other severe ships under Commander Y. Hama. This so non-trepid leader displayed himself to possess tons of dauntless courage and other heroic perks when suffering attacks by the natives in the penetrableless jungle of N. Essex. (Later.) The Bystander caravan arrived safely to Cambridge at p.m. under that so celebrate explorer and *literati*, Yogo Ben Hama. 2 or 3 several times he almost abandoned himself for dead because of not any beer or other medical comforts for 5 miles. This are very wonderful accomplishments when we learn that so many as 8 or 10 miles often elapsed between the inns (caravansary) and other liquid oasii, thusly causing him to endure awful sufferings. He enjoyed so awful pangs that 1 or 2 times he became non-sane and drank water, a very non-healthy liquid which innumerous persons have died from.

"Yogo Ben Hama"

Cambridge. (More later.) Your especial correspondent Yogo Hama

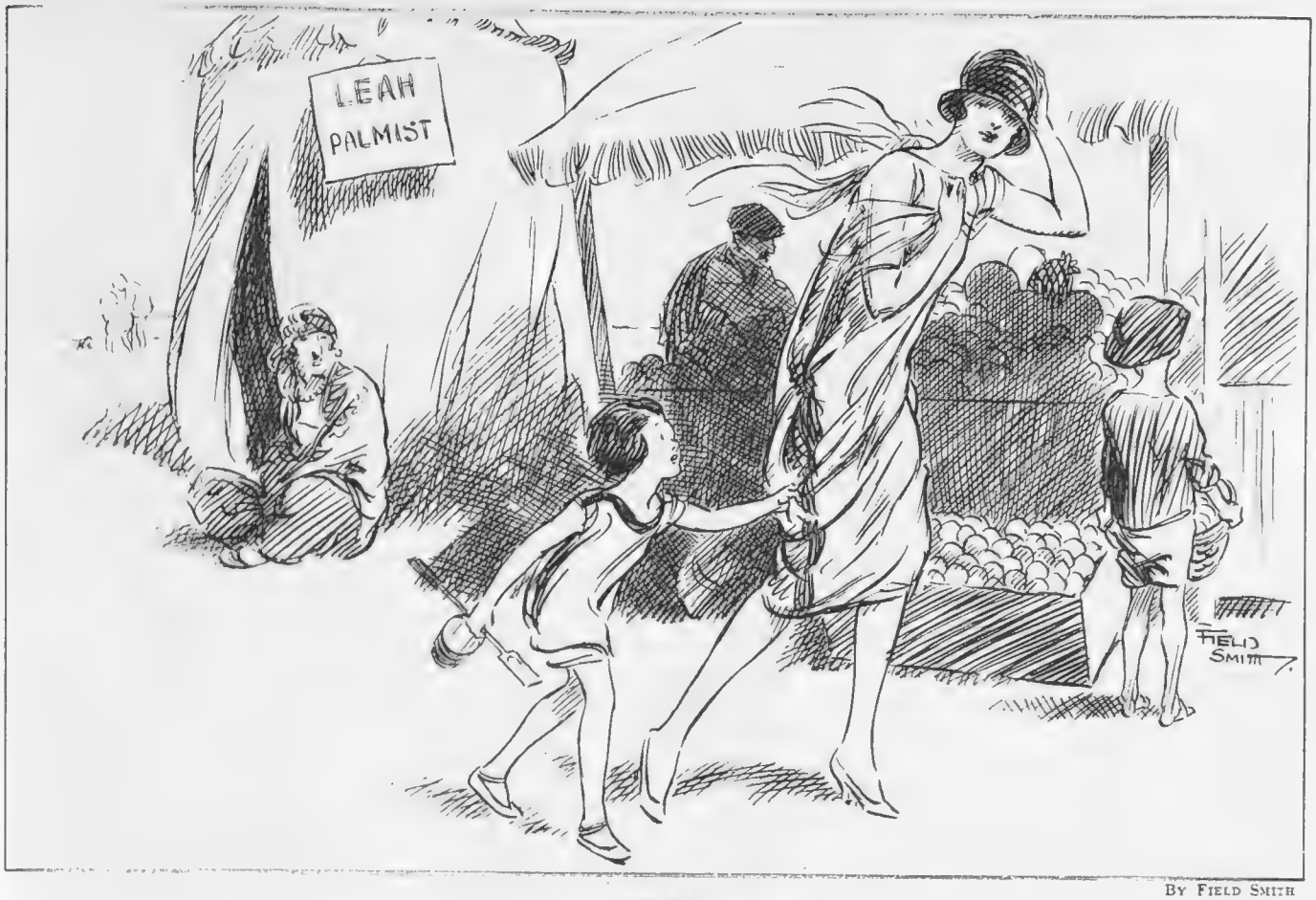
"To vote for an astronomical strike"

succeeded to secure some enormously exclusive scoopings which must cause some very world-wide sensations. Interviewed by this so paralleless scoopster, the Chief Astronomer adumbrated vizly:

"We are here to secretly discuss the

(*Continued on page 154*)

"Poeticals who perform odes to Venus"



By Field Smith

"SHE-NY!"

"Mummy, was that a Shebrew?"

By George Dixon

IN STATU QUO!

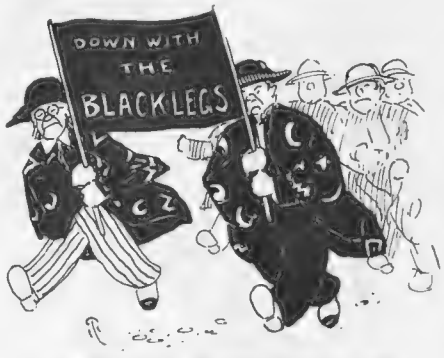
Short-sighted Husband: "I say, Mabel! What's this old statue doing under the sink?"
His Wife: "Sh-sh-sh-sh dear. That's the plumber"

"An astronomical loud-speaker"

so great wrongs and other burdens which we suffer under, also to vote for an astronomical strike, which I think should prove a very epochal catastrophic. Where, I demand to require, should the punsters, tipping gents and other prognosers find themselves to be if we did not succeed to discover lucky stars for them and other goodish omens? Yet they do not dream to pay cashes for these, or even produce us certs and other assets to put our shirts on. And what, moreoverly, of poeticals who perform odes to Venus, Adonis, Guiding, Morning and other patent stars, do they remit us 10 or 15% for use of same? Indeedly no, but very to the contrary. Over per 1,000 stars an annum are consumed by poeticals alone, while as for lucky stars for persons to be birthed under, we can scarcely succeed to discover any more. This are very awful state of conditions, Mr. Y. Hama, and I trust to hope Hon. Bystander will imprint these informations for persons to know what baddish times we are enjoying."

"Indeedly yes," your correspondent rejointed weepishly, "I did not imagine to suppose that Hon. Astronomicals had so frightful thin times, like as *literati*, especial correspondents and other victims of depression."

(More later still.) An astronomical loud-speaker adumbrated the meeting and deposed how innumerous 1,000's of persons enjoyed the stars which not 1 of them remunerated the astronomers a 1d for discovering. "We pay enormous private cashes to make discover new stars, also to read their names, which when we have succeeded to do not anybody gives us a bean for compensations!" he declamed.



"The astronomers marched round the town"

When saidly speaker had grown deflated, the astronomers marched round the town to make collectings in hats and other suitable vessels. Good

"I received a bunch of non-luck stars"

resolvings were passed to produce not any more stars without lucrative remuneratings. At the conclusions I made suggest it should be a goodish idea for Hon. Astronomers' Union to also discover some earthly stars like as Hon. Sir Geo. Robey which we are now suffering a dearth of. As goodish rewardings I received a bunch on my head of extremely non-luck stars.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you have suffered good healths in my absents,

I remain,

Yogo Hama

SOME MOVING PICTURES OF THE COSSACKS AT OLYMPIA

By Helen McKie

Seekers after thrills will have the time of their lives when they see what these amazing "Djighits" can do on a horse, more or less on a horse, and even off a horse. Everything is carried out at full gallop, and we do not attempt to show you all their "stunts" because you probably wouldn't believe us if we did. Quite apart from their equestrian abilities, the Cossacks are very fine singers and dancers

It's worth an effort
if it's a **Worthington**

The Romance and Mystery of Finger-Prints

AMERICAN CROOK WHO STOLE HIS PRINTS FROM THE POLICE

By VINCENT WRAY *(Author of "Finger-Prints of Fate," etc., etc.)*

THE United States of America have, of course, adopted the system of finger-prints, and the authorities pride themselves upon the perfection it has attained there. The finger-prints of all the men who left the country to take part in the Great War were registered so that—as one official put it—"there should be no queering the identity of the boys." As I have indicated, it would have been well if some such steps had been adopted here. Let me give instances by way of contrast.

A woman who regarded herself as a war widow, and who lived in a Pottery town, was startled one evening when a man strolled into her little shop and declared that he was her husband. He certainly bore a very striking resemblance to the man whom she believed dead, and she invited him into the small parlour at the back. There they talked for many hours, and in the end the claimant convinced the woman that he was, indeed, her lamented husband.

DISILLUSION came late after the woman's business had been ruined and she herself was worn to a shadow. The fellow was an arrant impostor, and he was charged with several offences, took his trial at the Assizes, and was sent to a long period of penal servitude. "A pity the husband's finger-prints were not taken," said the prosecuting barrister, the late Sir Richard Muir; "that would have settled the thing at once, and the poor, hapless widow would have been spared all her agony."

There was a case of attempted impersonation at Billings, Montana. Here, again, there was a close resemblance between the husband and the impostor, but the finger-prints of the real husband settled the thing in a few moments, and the claimant was literally hounded out of the middle-west town.

A PROPOSAL was made that depositors in State savings banks should leave their finger-prints in the possession of the post-offices, and should produce new ones whenever they wished to draw out a deposit. This scheme was actually adopted by some States, and is still in operation. I am told that it works extremely well, and has greatly reduced the number of charges of forgeries intended to obtain deposits by false pretences.

The record office of the police headquarters of every city and town has many thousands of finger-prints, and copies have been sent to New York, where a large and expert staff is constantly engaged. It is calculated that the system has reduced certain crimes by more than 40 per cent.

ONE of the cases which attracted considerable attention led to the conviction of a ruffian who attacked and killed a girl school-teacher in a village near the city of Cleveland. She was found dead in a field near her home, and it was evident that she had been treated with considerable violence. Detectives came on the scene, and even the world-famous Pinkerton's—who, I believe, do not, as a rule, take murder mysteries in hand—gave help. There did not seem to be a single clue. The affair was likely to pass into the realm of unavenged murders.

BUT a text-book had fallen on the ground. It had evidently been snatched by the assasin when he was rifling the dead woman's pockets and satchel. The book was thrown aside as of no account. A detective picked it up, and on one of the pages discovered some crimson prints. He photographed these, and they were taken to the police office. Within ten days the murderer was known, and a week later he was arrested. He had made the fatal mistake of leaving his finger-prints behind him.

A TRAFFICKER in cocaine was brought to book by a shrewd official who took some packets from a "fiend" who was locked up in Denver gaol. The man—a dentist—obstinately refused to say where he bought the poison, but the astute investigator photographed certain smears which were on the back of two of the packets. These turned out to be finger-prints, slight in impression and minute in circumference. They sufficed, however. There happened to be in the record office of the police the finger-print of a person who had been imprisoned for a bond forgery. These prints coincided with those on the wrappings of the cocaine.

ACTING on this clue, the police quickly located the suspected man — Carl Sternberg — and he was caught in the act of disposing of a packet of "snow" to a woman of the Underworld. He was not informed of the means by which he was tracked, but he was convicted and severely punished. After this, all who were "collected" as dope victims were compelled to be registered by their finger-prints. I am told that one of the Assistant-Commissioners for New York has a complete set of the finger-prints of every convicted dope victim of three States.

NATURALLY, criminals dread this "magic of the fingers," as they style the science of dactyloscopy, and wear gloves when they are on evil bent. Some have even gone so far as to mutilate their finger tips, as did the litigants who swore falsely in the Indian courts presided over by the late Sir William Herschell.

It has been left to one man, however, to go to the extent of stealing the record of his finger-prints from the archives of the police. This happened at Oklahama City, when a well-dressed stranger chatted with a police chief, and by some means managed to walk out with a set of finger-prints. They were his own, as a description of the man afterwards circulated, showed.

WINNERS OF FINGER-PRINT COMPETITION, No. 2

WE print below the names of the readers who successfully claimed their finger-prints, published under the heading of Selection No. 2, in our issue of July 1st. The competition is evidently not so easy as it looks, as only ten finger-prints out of twenty-five were correctly identified. A cheque for One Guinea has been sent to each successful entrant.

SERGEANT R. HEGGIE, 2nd Cameron Highlanders, B.A.O.R., Cologne; H. W. TROMAN, 67, Hillaries Road, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham; C. VARNDELL, 22, Thorngate Road, Maida Hill, W.9.; FRANK FULLER, 57, Eversleigh Road, Lavender Hill, S.W. 11; C. E. V. SAMS, No. 4 Company, R. M. C., Camberley; B. JONES, Vine Cottage, Dudley Road, Ventnor, I.W.; MISS F. ROGERS, 10, Wellfield Road, Walton, Liverpool; N. BOVEY, 86, High Street, Eltham, S.E.9; MISS M. HILL, 22, Bushmead Avenue, Bedford; C. FENNER, 20, Golden Lane, E.C.1.

HAVE WE HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOUR FINGER-PRINT YET?

You may win a Guinea every week. *For details and coupon, see page* 158.

The call of summer is for joyous health. Away with lassitude and quick-spent energies! Let health be yours — the health that comes of a system cleansed regularly and normally by the morning 'dash' of ENO —— crisp, cool and sparkling in a glass of water.

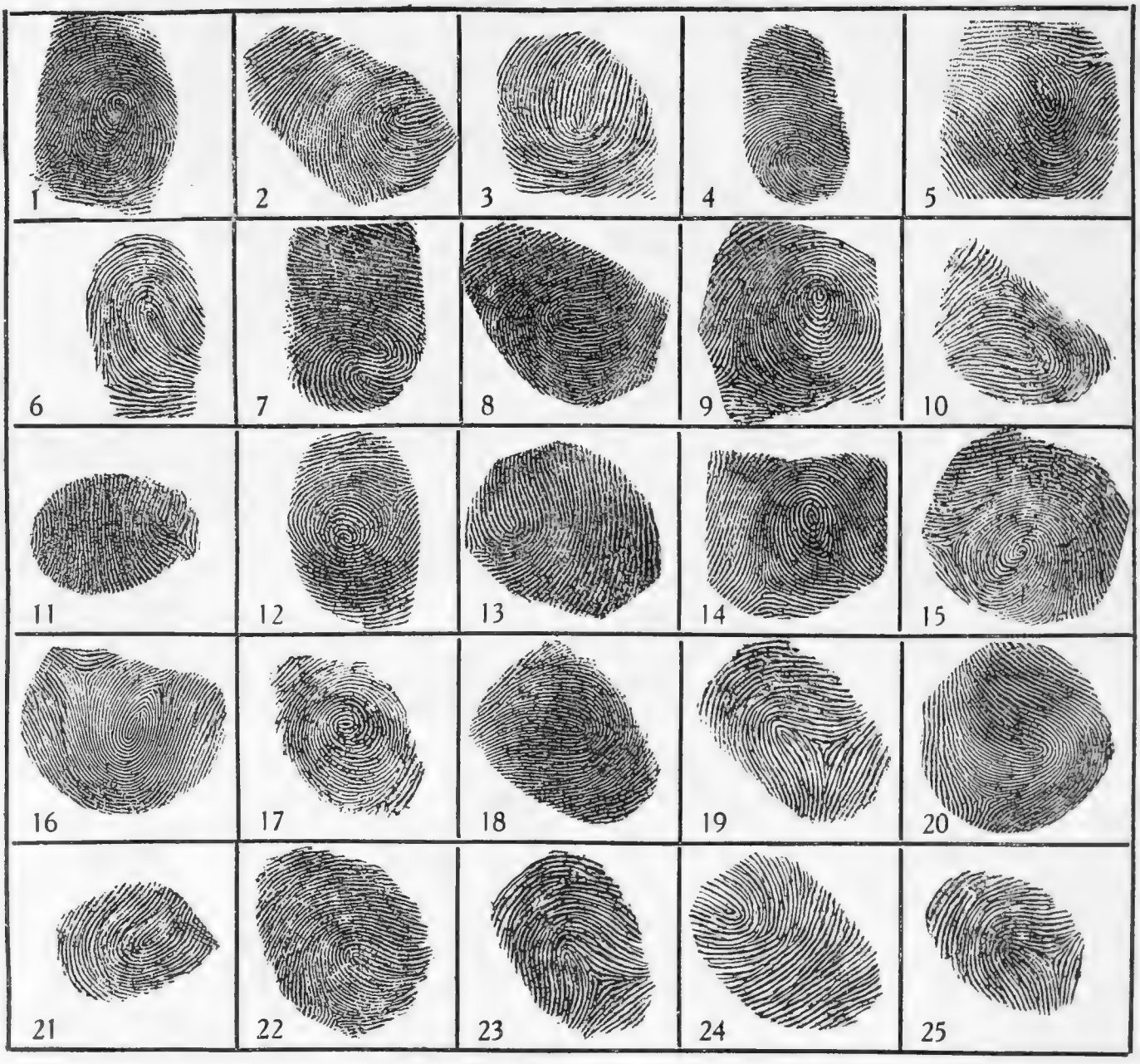
ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"
TRADE MARK

The World-Famed Effervescent Saline

1/9 3/-

Pleasant to taste. Gentle in action. True aid to Nature.

MONEY FOR YOUR FINGER-PRINT



SELECTION No. 4

Above are twenty-five finger-prints selected from those sent in by our readers before July 6. Next week and for each succeeding week we shall publish, in the manner shown above, a further selection of twenty-five finger-prints. Anyone who can successfully identify his own will be awarded a prize of ONE GUINEA.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Make a clear impression of your thumb-print in the white space on the coupon. Take some ink of dense consistency, smear it over a pad or sheet of paper. Then press the thumb lightly over the smeared ink. Readers should note that **black ink only** must be used.

2. Fill in the coupon with your name and address, and post it to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4, to reach us by first post on Monday morning, July 20. Mark your envelope "FINGER-PRINT" on the top left-hand corner.

3. Keep a duplicate impression of your own thumb-print for future reference.

4. When the twenty-five selected thumb-prints are published (in our issue of July 29) examine them carefully and see if you can recognise your own by comparing it with the duplicate you have retained. When you have picked out your own finger-print from our selection (which will, of course, be numbered as are the examples on this page) send in your claim to the Editor—your name and address and the number of the thumb-print you have identified as your own.

5. All Claims in the case of the selection reproduced above, should reach us by first post on Wednesday, July 22 the envelope being marked "CLAIM No. 4"

N.B.—Finger-prints bearing scars or disfigurements will be disqualified.
The Editor's decision is final

Bystander Finger-Print Competition.

No. 6

July 15, 1925

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

This coupon must reach us by first post on Monday morning, July 20

Only one thumb to be placed in this square.

A list of prize-winners who successfully identified their finger-prints in our second selection (published July 1) will be found on page 156.

Bay Window, Bramall Hall, Cheshire.

Chair of Charles I. period, showing the simple form of knob-turned wood which preceded the spiral pattern. The back and seat are embroidered.

The "wooden walls" of Old England

THE Cheshire chronicles of the 14th century tell an interesting tale of the felonious dismantling of many houses near "Stopport" (Stockport) and the sale of their timber. Where the owners were is not recorded, but one, Richard de Bromhale, prosecuted the despoilers and then erected that delightful old English mansion, Bramall Hall. It stands to-day one of the most picturesque medieval dwellings to be found in this, or, indeed, in any country. This ancient dwelling, enlarged and beautified by Sir William Davenport and his Dame Dorothy in Elizabeth's reign, proves at least that English Oak is enduring; for much of the building is just half-timber framework, plaster filled. The peculiar beauty of Bramall lies in the decorative treatment of these materials, in the delicate curving of overhanging eaves, in the bold proportions of the projecting bays and in the long, low, lead-paned windows.

Bramall Hall is equally attractive interiorly. The porch leads direct into the great hall, where, in the bay, once stood the high table or dais. A staircase of curious construction—the steps are solid blocks of oak—leads to the upper chambers. Here is the wainscotted 'withdrawing' room, the Plaister room with its plaster floor, and beyond, the bedchamber called Paradise, reputed still to be haunted by Dame Dorothy.

Except perhaps for the Royalist, William Davenport, who during the Civil War was exploited and plundered equally by friend and foe, by troops both English and Scottish, who were quartered on him, the history of Bramall's owners is uneventful.

Scotland at this time brought to England more than its soldiery. That celebrated Scotch Whisky 'John Haig' was even then, 300 years ago, establishing its reputation for the consistent excellence of quality and perfect maturity which has since earned universal approbation.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

By Appointment.

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

BUCHANAN'S

BY APPOINTMENT

"BLACK & WHITE"

"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

Popular Personalities

"PATSY"

By "PAUL PRY"

"PATSY": A study by "Rip" of the famous Pat Hendren of Middlesex in action

You have only to watch Pat Hendren's mouth through field-glasses at Lord's one day when he is up against it on a difficult wicket to see the sort of man he is.

A very sensitive person who becomes a fighter at, so to speak, a moment's notice. A curious quick change of character—very lovable to fellow players; adored, of course, by the staid, intensely conservative Middlesex supporters, who, unlike the Surreyites, say very little but think quite a lot—and who miss nothing.

Born in 1889, he is to-day at the zenith of his cricketing career. I should like to have seen him in the good old days playing for Turnham Green, as he did when he was fifteen. They say George Beldam and MacGregor were responsible for his going to Lord's. No doubt that is so; but you can't keep some men back when they are particularly gifted in a certain sphere, whatever happens. And I imagine if Middlesex had not taken Elias Hendren to its bosom this indomitable cricketer would have popped up with equal brilliance somewhere else—to the detriment of Middlesex, as Mr. F. T. Mann would be the first to admit.

The "Sportsmen's Battalion" claimed him during the War days, but his doings for Middlesex since the War have been really amazing. Whatever happened to Pat Hendren now, his name would go down to cricketing posterity as one of the great ones of his time.

It would have seemed almost impossible for him to have improved upon his batting in 1922. But the following year he increased his aggregate in county matches from 1,812 to 2,263, and raised his average from 75 to 87. Such figures remind one of the days of "Ranji" and C. B. Fry. Nine times in county matches in this memorable year did he pass the century mark, five of these on other people's grounds. His extraordinary success that year reached a climax in August when in the course of five days he scored 407 runs; only one innings completed.

He was not so pyrotechnic last season, but he played finely on all sorts of wickets, and finished up at the top of the Middlesex averages with 47.60—not so dusty during a filthily wet summer. Things are afoot again with him this year, as witness the match in June against Notts. This was one of the most remarkable cricket victories in recent years. Middlesex, having lost three wickets overnight to Notts for 60, went on to score the necessary 500 runs for victory for the loss of only three more wickets. There are only two other such cases on record—in 1896 Cambridge at Lord's, and four years later the Players on the same ground. Patsy's little part in this affair with his captain, Frank Mann, was a perfect exhibition of batting for three hours, and a double century for the second time that week. His only mistake was a difficult "chance" in the slips when at 161. During one fortnight in June this season he has scored 869 runs in 6 innings in 4 successive matches. As one said before, not so very dusty! A man who has a yearly average of 50 and over is by way of being something of an asset to any side.

But his personality is a great asset to Middlesex, too. Short, thick-set, full of an untiring energy, he fields one end in the slips, and does not wander hands in pockets to the outfield for the next over: he gets there quickly. A small matter, but typical of the man. He does not loiter about in front of the Pavilion railings when "in the country" as so many outfields do. He is tensely expectant the entire time, though not one ball in a hundred may come his way. When in the slips he is terribly wide-awake, and those hands of his are not missing much, if anything at all.

He is a man of parts when batting. At times, when cautious and feeling his way on the wicket, every stroke is the essence of correctitude. There will be the "copy-book" cut, the low drive through the covers, the off ball played to the off, and the leg ball sent to the on. At another time when slashing out is essential and he is well set, you will see him hooking and pulling anything that comes along. Blemished efforts they seem to be. But they are really the result of years of hard practice and concentration.

I think his chief charm is his unselfishness. A splendid man to have in a side for that reason. He commiserates sincerely with the man who has dropped a catch, and speaks with keen appreciation about the 50 the other fellow has just made. As a well-known cricketer and critic says of him most aptly, "he is a flannelled gentleman doing all that in him lies."

He could surely have no greater compliment.

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

Saucy Sue's Owner

ALTHOUGH Lord Astor has had unfortunate experiences in such races as the Derby and the Ascot Gold Cup, he has little cause to complain of his racing luck as a whole. From small beginnings he has established himself as one of the most successful bloodstock breeders in the country, and every season some new young champions appear to carry his colours. Already this year he has had a couple of important two-year-old winners in the colt Swift and Sure and the filly Short Story. Two of the classic races have fallen to him with Saucy Sue, and until little more than a week ago it seemed reasonably certain that this extraordinary filly would carry off the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park as well. Lord Astor has usually provided a formidable competitor for this race. He was disappointed last year with St. Germans, and a couple of seasons previously with Tamar, but since the end of the War he has been twice successful with Buchan and once each with Craig-an-Eran and Saltash.

Heel Bug

IT became known a week ago that Saucy Sue would not be a competitor on this occasion. Unfortunately the filly has developed heel bug since the Ascot meeting. This troublesome complaint may not last very long, and I hope she will be right again in ample time for the Doncaster meeting. Meanwhile, her owner has to rely upon less distinguished candidates for the Eclipse Stakes on Friday. He can run St. Germans, Cross Bow, Mystical and Black Sheep. Of these I should say the first-named has the best chance. He has been tremendously disappointing in his last two races, but I have by no means lost my faith in him. I know that Alec Taylor has tried him to be

By "THE TOUT"

THE CLERK OF THE COURSE

Mr. Hwfa Williams, who is so well known to race-goers at Sandown Park, where the great race for the Eclipse Stakes takes place on Friday

an exceptionally good horse, and it may be that St. Germans will return to form at Sandown.

Aga Khan's Chance

THE Aga Khan has a very good chance of gaining his first success in the Eclipse Stakes. His entries include Salmon Trout, Diophon and Zambo. It is questionable whether the first-named will be saddled, as the course seems to be hardly far enough for him. Still, there is important place-money to be raced for, and an owner has every excuse for starting two or three candidates for the race. It will be interesting to see whether Diophon or Zambo will prove the better colt at weight for age. The former has come back to his best form, and there is no reason why he should not stay the Eclipse journey. Zambo is a young colt who has improved tremendously since the early part of the season.

Last Year's Winner

POLYPHONTES is to make an effort to repeat the performances of Orme and Buchan by winning the Eclipse for the second time. Now that Saucy Sue has dropped out, he looks like having much more moderate opposition than was the case twelve months ago. In fact, I look upon him as the best thing in the race. My selection, therefore, is **Polyphontes,** and I take Zambo as being likely to run into the first three. On the second day of the Sandown meeting we have the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, the richest two-year-old race of the season. **Apple Sammy** is likely to repeat his Newmarket success. Another attraction on the same afternoon will be the Sandown Anniversary Cup, for which PADDY is well handicapped on his spring form, excepting with **Old Rowley,** who is much better treated here than in the Liverpool Spring Cup. At the weights the grey Manton colt may prove himself a good thing on Saturday.

POLO NOTES . . . . . By A. W. Coaten

Jodhpur Champions

IT was a fitting reward for the Maharajah of Jodhpur to see his team carry off the championship of English polo—the first time on record that a team from overseas has achieved this distinction. The young Maharajah has carried out a wonderful enterprise. More than seventy ponies and a staff of something like a hundred syces and other servants were sent from India in the early part of the year. The ponies are acknowledged to be, perhaps, the finest lot ever got together in one ownership. Considering the difficulties of shipping such a large number to England, they came through remarkably well, and the policy of sending them to Minehead for a period of acclimatisation prior to the opening of the London season was splendidly justified. The Maharajah, by the way, deeply appreciates the courtesies which were extended to his team during their stay at the West Somerset Polo Club, and he has offered to build them a new pavilion at a cost of £800 as a souvenir of his visit.

A Needle Match

THERE was good reason to look forward with keen interest to the match between Jodhpur and Eaton in the final of the Champion Cup. This was the third time these teams had come together this season. On the first occasion Jodhpur got the better of a remarkable struggle in the Roehampton Cup, extra time having to be played before a decision could be arrived at. In the final of the Ranelagh Open Cup, however, Eaton came out on top. So honours were even between the teams when they took the field at Hurlingham. It was a real needle match. A pity that Eaton could not produce the same formation against Jodhpur as in the previous matches. Colonel Charles Hunter, who had played so brilliantly at Ranelagh and Roehampton, stood down, and his place was taken by Major Leonard Tate.

Major Tate in Form

LET me say at once that the newcomer did nothing to let his side down in the championship tournament. On the contrary, Major Tate was right on top of his game, and I do not think we have seen him in better form for some time past. In the first two chukkars Eaton had decidedly the better of the game, establishing a lead of 3 goals to 1. In the third period, however, Jodhpur made such a rally that they were actually in front when ponies were changed. They increased their lead and looked like winning decisively until the sixth chukkar, when Eaton made a great effort and got to within one goal of the others. They had rather bad luck in not equalising in the final period. After resisting a long attack Jodhpur managed to gallop away with the ball and scored. This left them winners of a very fine game by 8 goals to 6.

Mr. Traill's Effort

IT is known that Mr. John Traill, the back of the losing team, was by no means at his fittest. Two days previously he had taken a very severe fall, and was so bruised and shaken that it was not until the eleventh hour that he decided to turn out in the final. In the circumstances, he made a wonderful effort. I really think that if Mr. Traill had been absolutely fit Eaton would have come out on the right side. There will be a further chance for the merits of these fine teams to be tested, as they will probably meet in the final of the Coronation Cup at Ranelagh on Saturday. The Duke of Westminster, who has made himself responsible for equipping the Eaton team this season, has definitely decided to give up polo, and all his ponies are to be sold at a special sale at Ranelagh next week.

Motorists! Eighteen months ago W. P. Chrysler staggered the motor world with the Chrysler Six, a car which gave results never before achieved.

In seven days' time full details will be published in this paper of another equally striking Chrysler achievement—a wonderful 4-cylinder car which is destined to eclipse all others in its class.

FIGURES OF THE FANCY

A SURE GUIDE By "THE KENNELMAN"

A "REGULAR READER" (in Cowes, I.O.W.) writes: "I don't wish to dispute that there is far more general public interest in well-bred Dogs than there used to be, but I do know that after sixteen months of pretty close attention to the job my daughter's profits on her Dogs are still a shade below her expenses. It occurs to me that you may have been misled with regard to the doggy boom by comparison of registration statistics of to-day with those of the War period, during which there was inevitably a pretty severe slump.

Kennelman has three points to make in reply to this comment: (1) Whatever the conditions prevailing in the doggy world, it is always easy, even for the most thorough-going and enthusiastic fancier, to run expenditure up to or beyond income level. (2) Dogdom's development since the War is not properly to be described as a "boom." It's really too big a thing for that; too steady and continuous; like motoring, or the week-end habit; a development of national taste and character. (3) "Regular Reader," and others, are hereby recommended to study the official Kennel Club statistics, in the *Kennel Gazette*, ignoring the War period altogether, and comparing the latest figures (*a*) with those of four or five years back, and (*b*) with pre-War figures.

Such investigation will show, among other things, that several breeds actually displayed a retrogressive tendency in the years immediately preceding the War, and that, even in these breeds, not to mention the more popular varieties, progress since the War has been marked. In 1913, no more than 64 Borzois were registered; in 1924 there were 171. Irish Wolfhounds averaged round about 50 in pre-War years, were 115 in 1924, and will be more in the present year. But it is in other and more generally popular breeds that the biggest increases will be found, on a scale much too continuous to be attributed to mere "boom" or passing fashion. There were more than 7,000 registrations of Wire-haired Fox Terriers in 1924; they were 1,150 in 1912. Even the Smooths reached double their 1912 figures last year.

To take two ends of the scale: a widely popular variety, and one never very commonly adopted: Pekingese registrations, which reached about 1,600 in immediately pre-War years, were 3,500 last year; the Old English Mastiff, never higher than about 60 before the War, reached 78 last year, and looks like being over 80 this year. But perhaps the most striking and important fact of all in this connection is the magnificent progress shown in the definitely sporting breeds of Dogs, as distinguished from all other varieties. Their total average registrations in pre-War years was about 10,000. Last year it was 34,265—more than double the non-sporting total, and showing a far more rapid rate of increase. (The Cocker, the Labrador, and the Irish Red Setter have substantially backed up the Terriers in this wonderful progress.)

Touching the perennial discussion as to which are the most popular varieties, there are now no fewer than thirteen breeds whose registrations run into three figures for *every month*. Here is the order in which they stood for the month of May last: Fox Terriers (Wire) 631, Airedales 483, Alsatians 438, Pekingese 343, Cockers 298, Sealyhams 239, Fox Terriers (Smooth) 191, Bulldogs 131, Scotties 130, Irish Terriers 120, Cairns 106, Poms 105, English Springers 102, Bull Terriers 102, Collies (Rough) 100. So that's that, as far as official figures reflect public taste; and there can be no more trustworthy guide for the novice in Dog-fancying; nor any more certain proof of British dogdom's remarkable post-War development.

(Embryo Beatty, to Uncle, outward-bound)

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14 7 x	11 9	37 12 0 „	32 9 0
14 9 x	12 2	39 7 6 „	33 19 6
15 2 x	10 11	36 6 0 „	31 6 0
15 1 x	11 11	39 9 6 „	34 1 0
15 2 x	12 5	41 6 6 „	35 13 0
15 10 x	12 9	44 5 6 „	38 4 0
16 3 x	10 9	38 7 6 „	33 2 6
16 5 x	11 11	42 19 0 „	37 1 0
16 4 x	12 11	46 6 6 „	39 19 6
17 2 x	11 9	44 5 0 „	38 3 6
17 11 x	12 1	47 9 6 „	40 18 6
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FEMINA

CONCERNING CHIFFON. By "CANDIDA"

If ever there was a month that justified lovely woman's transparencies it's July, the July of one's dreams, wherein bees hum lazily through the scent-laden afternoon, and butterflies flit in streaks of brilliancy from rose to rose. The weather expert tells another story in which it never rains but it pours, especially in the dog days. But what have facts to do with dreams?

The fact is that the new chiffon frocks are dreams, dreams of colour such as would discourage even a butterfly, and a transparency that would be discouraging if women weren't so brave in these days. You take a yard or two of morning mist, paint on it all the colours which the rainbow has, and some which it hasn't, and the result is a summer frock. I believe they call it just "printed chiffon" in the shops, where they're not exactly romantic, and where they'll condescend to the information that chiffon is "it" this summer, a fact which you can't help discovering after you've spent five minutes in Regent Street.

Sometimes I wonder who invented chiffon, and why no one's thought of remembering him. He may have made a fortune, is still making it perhaps, but as for honour, well, no prophet ever had it in his own time as we know. Also it's just possible that there was no prophet, only a series of improvements on the first idea; a dozen brilliant brains may have contributed, and in the end the triumph was everybody's and nobody's triumph, and no more like the poor original than a picture is like the canvas it's painted on, or lovely, liquid chiffon is like the stiff, guileless tarlatan it must have sprung from.

About tarlatan, there's nothing amusing except its name, and as the best and almost only support of one's party frocks it must have been distinctly dull. None of the brilliant brains had been invented in the days when the Empress Eugénie made her "triumphant entry"—which was the proper thing for Royalty to do—at a State ball in the Tuileries in a white crinoline of a hundred tarlatan flounces, and, oh, the spaciousness of those days! As at that time Royal patronage counted a lot in the career of a dress material, all the best people wore tarlatan at balls, with or without "triumphant entries." Whatever it was, of which I've no very clear idea, I take it that it must have been stiff and important, for all its transparency, full of starched dignity and unmistakable backbone, and as different from our limp, degenerate chiffon as a barouche is from a racing car.

It still survives, I believe, in ballet skirts, in Diaghileff's *Sylphides*, which hasn't lost any of its charm, for me, anyway, though I did hear someone say that it reminded him of a good Victorian's idea of Heaven. I'm not quite sure about that tarlatan. By the time the limelight casts its magic, and our one and only Eugène conducts, as only he can conduct an orchestra, while against the background of an enchanted landscape the *première danseuse* blows in on a marvellous tiptoe, my sense of realism is lost, and her skirts might be made of moonshine, or of cast-iron, for aught I care. But I dare say the dream is built up on a tarlatan foundation. No other material could achieve such stand-offishness of skirt.

Someone wrote to the papers the other day and suggested that we might dress less with immense advantage, which remark was meant to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. He can't have looked about him during the last hot spell or two, for I never saw less more convincingly worn. "Wear chiffon while it is yet hot, for the cold cometh when no one can wear it," seems to be the general idea. But some people (especially reformers) live in a world of their own and never notice anything except their reforming. "Birds and beasts," this one said, "are beautiful without any effort of their own, and with man everything has gone wrong since he took to covering himself." Still more so with woman, though it's my opinion that women aren't any good at all without beautiful clothes. He's probably right about the lots of time we'd have for doing good and improving our minds, and how hard we could work without those distracting chiffons to distract; still, the wear-no-clothes idea is inadequate as the happy solution of all our problems. I haven't noticed that the civilized virtues flourish more vigorously in the uncivilized countries where they dress less, if they dress at all.

How could we go on living if we lifted all the veils, especially such a becoming veil as chiffon? Everybody was wearing it at Ascot, and will be wearing it at Goodwood unless it snows, at Deauville, and later on at Biarritz, places which were born in the chiffon of luxury, so to speak. Not that chiffon is so expensive in itself, only, like most good things, it's expensive to keep up. It's all fluttering femininity, all frills and freshness, all softness and charm. Who wouldn't fly to chiffon in the circumstances? Even the young things with no nonsense about them have their softer moments, or like to look as if they had. What could be more convenient than to take a wisp of a painted rag and a smile and look romantic on a gorgeous summer afternoon, and then to shed them when you're tired of smiling and romancing? Painted chiffon, as I've said before, is a great invention with its glowing colour, its sincerity—its transparency, I mean—though now and then transparency can have its pitfalls.

It's been a joy this summer to see the procession of chiffons, coloured like a garden of flowers, or a butterfly just come into its own. The little ladies who wear it look like *bric-à-brac*, like *objets de bijouterie et de vertu*, freely translated the other day by someone who meant it into objects of "bigotry and virtue."

A LUCKY DIP

Arlette Marchal, the well-known film star, photographed at Venice, whilst bathing from the Lido. The water is so warm in summer that it is quite safe for one to "bathe all over"

Peter Robinson's Sale

Owing to a mistake, it was stated in our issue last week that the sale at Messrs. Peter Robinson's, Oxford Circus, started on June 29. This is, of course, incorrect, the sale, which lasts for a fortnight, having started on the Monday of this week, July 13.

A Portrait from the R.A.

THE LADY MARY STEWART

A striking portrait of the youngest daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry, K.G., which is on view at Burlington House. It was painted by Mr. Edmond Brock

(Copyright reserved for Artist or Owner by Walter Judd, Ltd., publishers of "Royal Academy Illustrated")

"BP" Persian Series, No. 12

[*From an original drawing by* CHRISTOPHER CLARK, R.I.

A Persian Bazaar

Nothing is more typical of the East than the bazaar. Here, midst a Babel of tongues, a miscellany of merchandise, odours and cries, the Oriental merchant displays his wares.

A great feature of the bazaar is the diversity of the goods and services for sale—goats and gramophones, candles and camels, shawls and carpets, bric-à-brac without end, and all the paraphernalia beloved of the native, and of the tourist. The bearded man in the left foreground is having his head shaved. In the middle distance a vendor of oil is busy, and beyond, a donkey with its owner is setting out for home, burdened with purchases.

Prominent in the picture may be seen one of the most highly prized possessions of the native—old kerosene oil tins. Throughout Persia, these tins are everywhere to be found.

They serve as a reminder that, thanks to British enterprise, Persia possesses some of the most prolific oil wells in the world. In Persia are situate the fields of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, whence comes the crude oil which is refined in Britain into "BP," the British Petrol.

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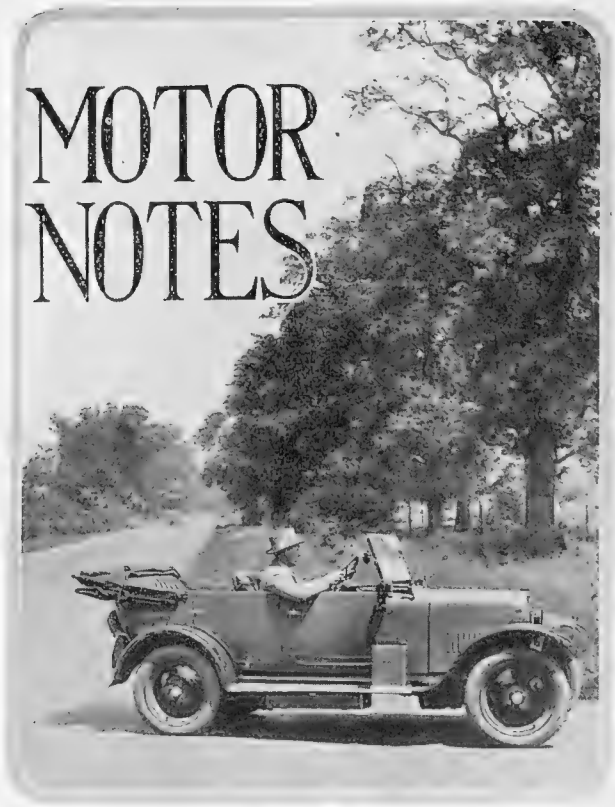
Twin Stars in the Cabaret Constellation

Photograph exclusive to The Bystander *by Sobol*

Janszieka and Roszicka Deutsch—or, in plain English, Jennie and Rosie Dolly—who have returned to London. They are appearing at the Kit-Cat club, where they now do their "little song and dance" act with as great a success as ever

MOTOR NOTES



"A ROVERING WE WILL GO"

One of the latest 9-20 h.p. Rover cars with front-door four-seater body. This car is remarkable value, costing only £185

We are being continuously urged to buy branded goods. It is generally agreed that a product which has a definite brand is more satisfactory than one which is nameless. This is certainly the case as regards motor spirit. Considerable supplies of unbranded spirits are available, but in many cases it is found that this spirit is not entirely satisfactory. The reason is not far to seek. There is no official definition of motor spirit, and it is possible to sell anything under this title which will function either well or badly in a motor engine. In a case of branded spirit the refiners of necessity have to produce a spirit of a standard quality. The result is that a first-grade spirit of a certain make is of identically the same quality between Land's End and John o'Groats.

* * *

I don't suggest that all unbranded spirits at the lower price are unsatisfactory in use. I have made a special point of trying unnamed spirits as often as possible. In some cases I have obtained extremely good results, whereas in others the performance of the car was extremely poor. On one occasion I found it impossible to start the engine from cold without choking the carburetter and injecting spirit through the compression taps. I have also seen an engine dismantled which had been run for a remarkable mileage on an unbranded spirit, and the interior of the cylinders was full of a flaky form of carbon. The owner of this car is now running on branded spirit.

* * *

The re-imposition of the import duties on motor-cars has at present had no noticeable effect on the prices at which they sell. One reason, of course, is that the importers have a stock of cars in this country, and are therefore enabled to sell their cars at the price which ruled before July 1. In other cases the makers, apparently, have sufficient margin of profit to allow them to pay the tax themselves. In the case of one imported car the makers have seen their way to reduce prices.

* * *

The vendors of the Renault announce reductions in the prices of their smaller model, but state that no guarantee can be given regarding future prices when the present stock of duty-free cars is exhausted. Those responsible for Fiat cars in this country see no necessity to increase the price of their cars as their manufacturing facilities are so large that the imposition of the duties doesn't affect the cost of the car appreciably, and they therefore intend to make no alteration in their prices at present.

* * *

I am always particularly interested in anything which emanates from a Crossley factory. In the last few days I have had two of the latest Crossleys through my hands, each representing a distinct type. It is almost unnecessary to state that I was particularly pleased with both cars. The first was a 14 h.p. five-seater: since its introduction it has been gradually refined and improved, although little of this was necessary, until it is now one of the best cars at its power and price on the market. The total selling cost is £395, and the equipment is remarkably complete. This car has four-wheel brakes and excellent all-weather equipment, a folding screen for the rear passengers and a complete dashboard equipment. The chief features of the Crossley's running are its liveliness, its comfort, and its economy. Thirty miles to the gallon can be easily obtained, a speed in excess of fifty miles per hour is possible, and both on top and the lower gears the 14 h.p. Crossley is an excellent hill climber.

* * *

The other Crossley was the 20-70 h.p. sports model. I used this car in connection with an important reliability trial in the North. The course traversed some of the worst roads and hills in the neighbourhood, but only one hill succeeded in stopping the Crossley. The gradient was about 1 in 4 and the surface was about a foot deep in loose sand and stones. The Crossley had ample power for the climb, in fact, so much so that the back wheels started spinning, and the car gradually dug itself in and came to a standstill. Even then by dropping down the hill slightly a perfect re-start was made.

* * *

It was a sheer delight to drive this Crossley on the arduous course. The most acute hairpin bends could be taken without reversing, the fiercest hill could be climbed easily, and the most appalling descents lost all their terrors owing to the magnificent four-wheel brakes. As an official I exceeded the speed limit, to put it mildly, at certain parts, as I was wanted here, there and everywhere. As the Crossley could do well over seventy miles per hour, I found my work considerably simplified in spite of the fact that the chief official always sent me to the most distant and inaccessible points, the reason he naively gave being that I had a fast car. He was certainly correct as regards the Crossley.

* * *

None of us is omniscient, and we are willing to learn. The man who has bought his first motor-car is perhaps the keenest seeker after knowledge. Even after thousands of miles there is still further knowledge which we may obtain. I have recently received a booklet which bears the attractive title of *On Driving a Car the Better Way*. It is published by the British Petroleum Company, Ltd., the distributors of the well-known B.P. petrol. It contains a large number of illustrated hints showing how to obtain easy starting, the correct use of the brakes, advice on hill-climbing, and many other subjects of interest to the motorist, both novice and expert. Copies may be obtained free on application to the B.P. people, and I should certainly advise every Bystander to send for one.

* * *

I understand that there is a good market for British-made cars in South Africa. My informant is Mr. Malcolm Irving, the general manager of the Dunlop Company in South Africa, who is at present on a visit to Great Britain. He is definitely of the opinion that a good market exists, despite the new duties which have been a matter of some controversy. The sentimental preference of the buyer, in Mr. Irving's opinion, is for a car made in England, provided it meets the conditions of the country and is reasonably priced.

GEORGE C. STEAD

ON THE RUN

Mr. A. Proctor's "Wolseley fifteen" crossing Fleet Moss, in the recent London to Edinburgh run. This car was again awarded a gold medal, this being the fourth successive year that it has gained this distinction

---

On the Continent

To those motorists who are thinking of motoring in the Alps this summer, their comes a very gratifying item of news. It has lately been decided by popular referendum to re-open the main roads of the Engadine to motor traffic. This concession is a very valuable one, as it now brings within the reach of the motorist some of the most delightful runs to be enjoyed in the neighbourhood of the Southern Alps and the Tyrol.

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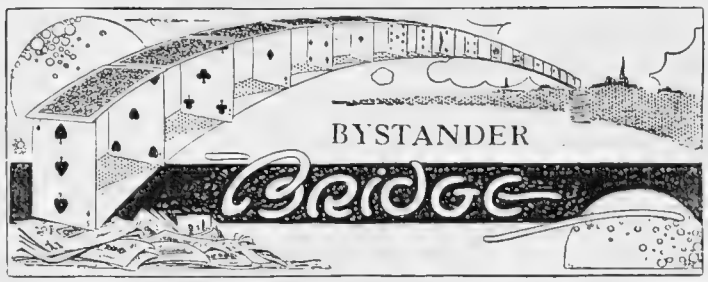

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

BIDDING WITHOUT "TOPS"

THE initial suit bid without top honours is the most fruitful cause of disaster at Auction Bridge. And yet in spite of all that has been written and said about it—for it is the one point on which all authorities agree—lots of players still continue the evil practice of bidding a suit on length alone. Almost every day I come across it and make note of the results.

The reason why you must not make an initial bid of a suit without "tops" is because the bid is so utterly misleading to your partner. It may be quite true that with average assistance from him you can, if left alone, make your contract. But the point is that you have no assurance that you are going to be left alone by your opponents. It is essential for partnership and team work that an initial bid should show not merely length, or even necessarily length. But it must show "quick" tricks. If you have not the quick tricks in the suit you name you must, at any rate, have them outside.

. . . . . .

If you are one of those players who bid on length without quick tricks, your partner never knows what to do with you. He will be afraid to double the adversaries when he has a good double because you may not have a single trick in your hand. He will be afraid to go No-Trumps when he has a good No-Trumper for the same reason. In fact you put him in the cart and yourself in the cart at the same time. The initial bid—no matter what liberties you take in later bidding—must be sound. It is the foundation of the game on which the whole structure depends. This seems such a simple and elementary proposition that I cannot understand why there should be any dissention from it. And yet there are hosts of players who cannot, or will not, see it.

. . . . . .

A correspondent, who cannot be a regular reader of my articles, writes: "At love score I dealt and held eight Clubs to the Queen, Jack, 10, Queen of Hearts and no other cards of value. I called 'two Clubs.' My left-hand opponent 'two Spades,' and my partner 'two No-Trumps.' I saw at once that my hand might not be any good at No-Trumps, so I called 'four Clubs' and my partner went back to 'three No-Trumps' and was two tricks down. He was very angry with me for calling 'two Clubs,' and said it was a preposterous bid. But surely he ought to have left me with 'four Clubs.' We should have made five or six."

. . . . . .

Now I agree entirely that the bid of "two Clubs" was preposterous. The holder should not have called at all initially on such a hand, but should have waited for the second round of bidding. He should then have taken out his partner into four Clubs, or even five Clubs if necessary, and so warned him that his hand was useless unless played in the suit.

. . . . . .

Here are the hands—

S—A, Q, 6.
H—A, 8, 4, 3.
D—A, K, J, 10.
C—A, 4.

S—K, J, 10, 9, 8, 5
H—K, 10, 7.
D—Q, 9, 8, 7.
C—None.

Y
A B
Z

S—4, 3, 2.
H—J, 9, 5.
D—6, 4, 3, 2.
C—K, 8, 3.

S—7.
H—Q, 6, 2.
D—5.
C—Q, J, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 2.

It is obvious that if Z had made a sound call Y would have had a big thing in No-Trumps. He must credit his partner with King, Queen of Clubs, and probably at least King, Queen of Hearts. Z's initial bad bid was the whole cause of the waste of a wonderful hand. But you may ask if Y was not quite wrong to persist with the No-Trumper after his partner had taken him out in "four Clubs." Of course he was wrong. But two wrongs don't make a right The initial fault was with Z. If he had passed as he ought, then Y would have been under no delusion as to the take-out. As it was, Y was unwilling to relinquish his hundred Aces, and naturally thought that his partner by his bidding was warning him of the non-possession of the Ace of Clubs.

. . . . . .

This is only one of many examples that I could give where the wrong initial bid ads a partner astray. A recent case of a double sticks n my memory.

At score, game all. Y bids "one Heart"; B "three Spades"; Z holding—S—A, Q, 8. H—3. D—A, K, 6, 4. C—K, J, 7, 4, 2, doubles, and B gets his contract. Here are the hands—

S—2.
H—K, J, 10, 9, 8, 7, 5.
D—8, 7, 2.
C—9, 3.

S—4.
H—6, 4, 2.
D—Q, 10, 9, 3.
C—Q, 10, 8, 6, 5.

Y
A B
Z

S—K, J, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 3
H—A, Q.
D—J, 5.
C—A.

S—A, Q, 8.
H—3.
D—A, K, 6, 4.
C—K, J, 7, 4, 2.

Z opens his 3 of Hearts and makes two tricks in Spades and two in Diamonds only, B making his doubled contract, game and rubber.

. . . . . .

When you see all four hands you will say how wrong Z was to double! But on the bidding Z was perfectly justified in doubling. He asked his partner for one trick only, but that his partner did not provide. Z was entitled to assume that his partner had the Ace of Hearts, or lacking Ace of Hearts, at least Ace of Clubs. The tragedy of this particular hand is that as the cards lay Y could have made four Hearts. He could have thrown away a losing Diamond on a Spade and lost only two Hearts and one Club.

Again, Z's powerful hand was wasted by his partner's initial bid. Now mark what would happen if the bidding had been correct. Y "No bid"; B "one Spade" (a bid quite justified with his two outside Aces); Z "one No-Trumps"; A "No bid"; Y "two Hearts." If B now goes "three Spades" Z ought not to double if he knows the game, because he realises that Y's bid of Hearts is a take-out and does not show quick tricks. But Y, having heard his partner bid No-Trumps over the Spades, would be justified in the rubber game in going up to four Hearts. Or suppose Y passes initially and B bids "three Spades" straight away, Z should not double, tempting though it looks, because his partner has passed. There is one further point. Y having made an initial bid and Z having doubled, should Y have taken out the double? I am of opinion that he should, and in giving this opinion I am not judging by results. Y had misled his partner by a wrong first call, and it was "up to him" to get out of what might very well prove on his cards a disastrous double. So we get to this position—Y threw away the game and rubber by bad bidding.

. . . . . .

A reader in Nigeria sends me a record of a rubber in which both sides score exactly the same number of points, and wonders if anyone else has had the same experience.

While unusual it is certainly not unique.

. . . . . .

REPLY TO CORRESPONDENT.—No, Alfred, it is not true that if a lady says "Business Double" you can take it she is willing to go out to supper with you. But there is no harm in trying!

Lucky Numbers

Every visitor paying for admission to the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley during the rest of this month has a chance to win the nice little sum of £100. All one has to do is to fill in on the form handed to each visitor the estimated number of people who will pass through the turnstiles on the next day. The visitor who fills in the correct or most nearly correct card will receive the £100 which is given daily.

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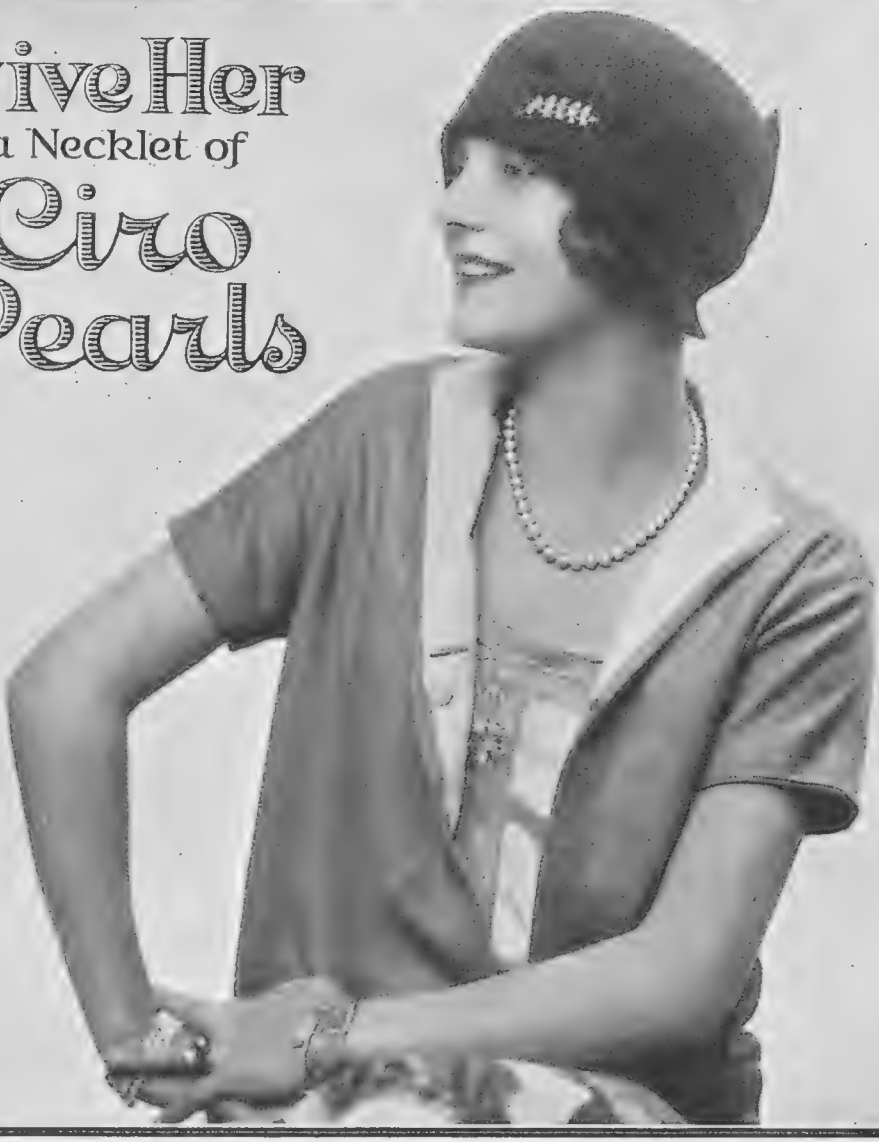

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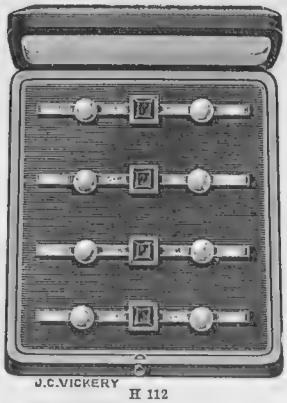

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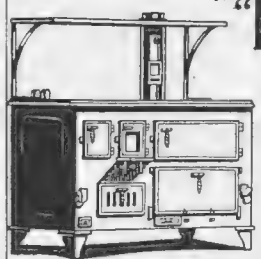

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WILTS AND DORSET BORDERS (near Shaftesbury).—500 ft. up, with fine southern views. A compact RESIDENCE in 3 ACRES, with tennis lawn and paddock: 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, outbuildings and stabling. Green sand soil. FREEHOLD, £2,850.—MILLAR, SON and Co.

A SUSSEX BARGAIN.

PRICE JUST REDUCED FROM £3,200 TO £2,500.

6 miles south of Tunbridge Wells, with glorious views, and 1 mile from station and small town.

A PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE of 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception; stabling, outbuildings and 3 ACRES; garden with tennis lawn and small paddock; Co.'s water, and cottage if required for another £250. A remarkable bargain and should be seen at once.—MILLAR, SON and Co.

TO OWNERS, SOLICITORS AND ESTATE AGENTS.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

We have a special buyer for an Estate of 1,000 to 3,000 ACRES in

HEREFORD, MONMOUTH, DEVON, SOMERSET, WORCESTERSHIRE, or SHROPSHIRE.

PRICE NOT EXCEEDING £50,000.

SALMON AND TROUT FISHING A GREAT RECOMMENDATION.

Particulars to MILLAR, SON and Co., as above.

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Station 10 minutes, Reigate 2 miles, Walton Heath 4½.

FOR SALE.—A lovely TUDOR FARMHOUSE, modernised with skill and standing in 6 ACRES, chiefly grass: 6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, usual offices, independent hot water supply, Co's water; gas lighting and house wired for electric current; garage and outbuildings. FREEHOLD, £3,750. A charming home and should especially appeal to golfers and those wishing to be within "daily reach" of Town.—MILLAR, SON and Co.

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THIS TYPICAL OLD STONE-BUILT HOUSE, with leaded lights and open fireplaces, modernised at great cost and possessing every labour-saving device: 6 bed and dressing rooms (4 with lavatory basins), bathroom, 3 reception, etc.; electric light, constant hot water; outbuildings, garage, and 1½ ACRES of sweetly pretty grounds and small paddock.

FREEHOLD, £2,850.

Extra land can be had and the House easily enlarged.

—Strongly recommended by MILLAR, SON and Co.

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EASILY RUN. SEMI.

8 Bed, 1 Dressing, 3 Reception, good offices and cellars, gas, electric, telephone, garage, gardens, lawn, bathing 100 yards away (sheltered), lovely views, south aspect, long lease.

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1st Return	2nd Rail, 1st Steamer	2nd Return
60/-	49/6	40/-

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For Outdoor Games

For the outdoor games that demand deliberate thought—such as golf or bowls—a pipe of tobacco helps. For this purpose it is wise to choose a tobacco that will not burn furiously or scatter its ashes in the open air, that will be cool and slow in the smoking and leave no sodden unsmokable mass to be knocked out of the bowl. Such is Three Nuns, a blend of the highest grades of leaf perfectly matured, and of a fragrance that is itself not the least of the joys of the game.

In Packets: 1 oz. 1/2; 2 oz. 2/4
In Tins: 2 oz. 2/4; 4 oz. 4/8

King's Head is similar but a little fuller

THREE NUNS

The Tobacco of Curious Cut

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Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

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We invite enquiries from those interested in the erection of Sports Pavilions, Golf Club Houses, Recreation Rooms, Village Halls, etc., of any size or for any situation. Our standard designs afford maximum accommodation in minimum space—artistic, weatherproof, durable, inexpensive.

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Carriage paid to most goods stations in England and Wales.

BROWNE & LILLY, Ltd.,

Manufacturers and Exporters, 'Phone 587.
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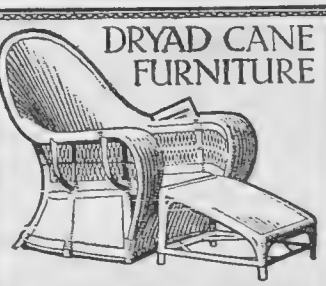

FOR HOUSE & GARDEN.

Catalogue of Chairs, Tables, Children's Chairs, Linen Baskets, Log Baskets, etc., etc., in fine canework, post free. Dryad Works, Y Dept., Leicester.

They Love It!

THE "Standard" is just as much a part of the family as a dog or cat. Their faithful friend never fails them and is always a source of pleasure. It carries the family comfortably, speedily and at low cost to the country and the sea, to new scenes and faces. Happy days and the "Standard" go together.

In the Fourteen, for instance, the motorist has everything he wants. It is a big car which runs at small cost. It has ample room and power—low running and upkeep expenses—*four* speeds, big Dunlop balloon tyres, rigid side curtains (with sliding panels) which can be used without the hood, and complete equipment. Front wheel brakes, only £10 extra.

The All British

Standard

"Warwick" 5-Seater. £345

11 h.p. models from **£200** 14 h.p. models from **£345**

Front Wheel Brakes on either 14 h.p. model, £10 extra.

Dunlop Cord Tyres (Balloon or Standard).

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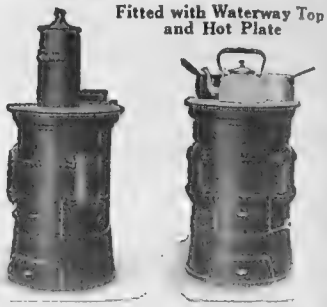
Agents everywhere.

"COUNT THEM ON THE ROAD"

The "WENTWORTH" BOILER

Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate



Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
(As particulars below.)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler	Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal ft.	Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 4 16in. x 12in.	170	1¼in.	5in.	£5 14 4
,, 5 16in. x 18in.	190	1¼in.	5in.	£7 3 2
,, 6 16in. x 24in.	220	1¼in.	5in.	£8 13 9
,, 7 16in. x 30in.	250	1¼in.	5in.	£10 5 3

GREENHOUSE	ft.	ft.	ft.	GARAGE	ft.	ft.	ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12	x 44	x 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35	x 40	x 10
,, 5 ,,	12	x 48	x 8	,, 5 ,,	40	x 40	x 10
,, 6 ,,	12	x 56	x 8	,, 6 ,,	40	x 45	x 10
,, 7 ,,	12	x 64	x 8	,, 7 ,,	45	x 45	x 10

Or same cubical contents.

NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO. LTD
THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD.

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Evan Williams 'GRADUATED' HENNA

REQUIRES NO RINSING POWDER.

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The Whisky that justifies its name — "BEST PROCURABLE"

A happy combination of the Bounty of Nature and the Blender's Art.

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD.,
The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries, Dufftown, and at
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Messrs. Hedges and Butler, Ltd.,
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A happy reminder!

"What's on now, dear?"
"Big Ben striking."
"Oh—that reminds me. I *must* get some more Westminsters in the morning. I hate to be without them."

10 for 6D.

TWENTY FOR A SHILLING

Westminster

CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

are sold by good tobacconists everywhere. No matter what brand you are smoking now, give Westminster a trial—you'll be glad you did.

W.R.14

The Charm of Good Hosiery

"I LIKE to wear what people admire, that's why I buy **St. Margaret** Stockings—they fit beautifully, feel comfortable and wear well. You cannot get better value, and they are *British*. Made in Frame Fashioned De Luxe or Standard Styles, they are the result of 120 years' specialised experience—Think what that means!"

Ask for "CORA," a typical example of St. Margaret value in Artificial Silk.

St. Margaret HOSIERY

"For Every Occasion"

An illustrated Booklet No. 40 and name of nearest retailer will be sent post free on application to N. Corah & Sons, Ltd., St. Margaret's Works, Leicester.

HOSIERY • UNDERWEAR • JERSEYS

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Final Reductions

THERE are just a few days left of Debenham and Freebody's sale, which ends on Saturday, July 18, and they are days not to be missed, the customary final reductions being made which the standard value of the goods render especially covetable.

A notable feature throughout has been the knitted wear, and the marking down of suits—so useful for the holidays and early autumn service, sweaters, many with the new Eton collar, and cardigans, is appreciable.

Beach suits made in washing cottons, for little girls, commence at 18*s.* 9*d.*, the sizes ranging from 26 to 30 inches, dresses as pretty as they are practical, with collars and cuffs to the short sleeve of white organdi. For older girls there are winter-weight tweed coats and skirts, the former finished by a narrow belt, going at 49*s.* 6*d.*, and in the silk pieces department there are likely to be many irresistible closing bargains, goods that must be cleared by a house that marches with such exactitude to the trend of the moment.

THE MANNISH NOTE

A smart wrap-coat that can be made in many materials. A distinctive feature is the slight flares on either side which come from beneath patch-pockets

Original sketches by Betty Nisbet

Dress for Cowes

WENDING southwards, as a jumping-off place for Deauville, attention is already being concentrated on dress for Cowes, this comprising simple, neat attire for the yachts, smarter frocks for the Castle grounds, with evening dresses thrown in for the inevitable dances. It is not necessary these days to make the same material change in dress as was the case in the past, when the long or tight skirts had to be discarded for the stereotyped yachting suit.

To-day we have the simple little jumper suit and all-in-one frocks such as our artist shows, in a lavender-coloured viyella, the skirt planned with wide box-pleats stitched down halfway and then allowed to flow, the slim, easy-fitting upper part being finished by collar and vest front of crêpe de Chine in tone, as is the small flat hat. Of course, for the yacht the high-heel shoes would be exchanged for the regulation low heel ones, for it is unforgiveable to mar or mark these spotless decks.

FOR COWES

An attractive one-piece frock of lavender-coloured viyella. The skirt is planned with wide box-pleats stitched down half way, the easy-fitting upper part being finished with a collar and vest front of crêpe de Chine in tone

The New Mannish Coat with a Flare

OUR second contribution to Cowes week is a smart wrap-coat, that can be made in a host of materials, from kasha to serge. The points to be observed in the build are the slight flares either side, these coming from beneath patch-pockets, and the decided shapeliness given to the back. These details mark out, at once, the new season's coat from that of the spring. And Cowes will certainly consolidate its position.

Change of Address

IT will be small surprise to those who have benefited by the Solray treatment to hear that Miss Craig has been obliged to move to larger and more commodious premises at 123, New Bond Street. At this new establishment there is an exclusive *salon*, together with a comfortable waiting room, set apart for consultations on this sensitive removal of superfluous hairs.

The Solray method is so distinctive and apart from any other for the removal of hirsute growth that it is quite unnecessary to draw any comparisons. It stands on its own merits, and still is the only one by which the most obstinate growth is removed for all time by a peculiar combination of light rays. That is guaranteed, and there are many who, out of sheer gratitude, are only too pleased to verify the fact. Which is sufficiently rare in so delicate a matter.

Taken in the early stages, the process is a comparatively short one, though the most virulent has never yet failed to succumb, and the tougher the cases the greater the triumph for the Solray Company.

The Shoe that Preserves its Shape

THE claim is made that this problem is solved by the Selberite Arch Preserver. Shoes fitted or embedded with this simple, light steel support under the instep where the chief weight of the body is borne, never give or spread, besides providing the epitome of comfort.

It is just commonsense that if the instep sags the shoe must spread out of plumb line, whereas held taut and firm, a shoe or boot, properly fitted in the first instance, retains its shape so long as it hangs together.

As is pointed out by the designers and makers of the arch preserver—and it will be news to the majority—the foot has really three arches. There is not a single straight line in it. There is the longitudinal arch, the metatarsal arch across the ball of the foot, and the transverse arch across the instep. Another interesting fact in connection with these three distinct arches is that they are grouped in such a way as to

make it possible for the foot to be adequately supported when only three definite contacts touch the ground—the heel, the ball and the centre of the outer edge of the foot. There are varieties and styles to suit all tastes and occasions, all emanating from the same source, a firm, however, who only supply the retail trade.

Those Tell-tale Throat Contours

Rose Laird has studied the subject of preserving the contour of the face and throat. She has evolved an entirely new method whereby the muscles of both are preserved, a method that persevered with never fails to build up the sagging muscles of the face, removing heavy jowls and double chins and retrieving scrawny throats. It is not, however, necessary or wise, as she points out in an admirably written treatise, to wait for these conditions to set in. Taking them in time merely means a few minutes' treatment every day, whereas if left, more drastic measures have to be resorted to. The advice is to begin early to keep up the natural functions of the skin and maintain the framework, so to say, in a taut state.

Neglect through ignorance can be repaired, but takes more time, and full directions are given how to proceed with these carefully thought-out instructions in a brochure that can be obtained at Selfridge's, together with all the Laird's special creams, astringent lotions, muscle oil, and a particularly excellent depilatory and powder.

Something Worth Knowing

It is given only to the few to have such a mission in life as Elizabeth Eve of Berners Street, W. And in taking up my pen to write what I actually know of this remarkable woman and the fine work she is doing in keeping the ravages of age at bay, I realise the complete inadaquacy of mere words to convey the real conviction I feel, which is that Madame Eve's methods should be used by every woman in the land sooner or later.

Wakefields

A GOODWOOD FASHION

An exclusive Paris model designed for Goodwood. It is of beige embroidered georgette with sleeveless coat to match. A charming touch is lent by the Irish Youghal point lace with which it is trimmed

The treatment she has evolved forms a close study and scientific understanding of the muscles of the face and throat. It is wholly a matter of exercises that all can do for themselves from clearly explained printed instructions.

Madame Eve does not pretend to be a wizard, capable of transforming a wrinkled face into a thing of youth; but what she can and does do is to take years off a woman's age by her particular and peculiar method of bracing up muscles that in the natural course of time have thinned and dropped down, dragging in their descent the outer coverings of flesh.

Apropos of wrinkles on the forehead, Eve does not claim to take these away, and frankly admits she would not if she could, when by so doing the entire character of the face is lost, but under her treatment wrinkles never become furrows.

It should be pointed out, moreover, that there is nothing in the nature of massage in the treatment. In fact, Madame Eve's contention is that mere manipulation of the skin never touches the muscles, which are the root of the trouble. The latter under the exercises are wrought up into their original taut condition, like a piece of new

(Continued on page x)

In the Quiet Backwater

Leafy trees overhead—silvery water flowing gently by—what more delightful setting for gay music could be imagined? Take your Decca into the quiet, secluded backwater, and enjoy to the full your favourite records.

The handy, portable Decca takes up very little space—where space is precious—and adds immeasurably to your pleasures—for the full, pure tone of the Decca is the equal of the most expensive cabinet gramophone.

THE DECCA
THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE.

8 Models—2 Sizes
57/6 to £9 0 0

Of Music Dealers, Stores, etc.

Decca Book containing unique photographs received from Decca enthusiasts post free from:—
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(Proprietors: Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd. Estd. 1832.)

BY APPOINTMENT

One of the small things that really matter—

Cerebos SALT

Supplied to the House of Lords.

CS 18

For youth, maturity and age

THE use of Pond's Two Creams is beneficial to the debutante and women in every subsequent season of life. The skin needs cleansing, nourishing and protecting if it is to retain its charm.

For cleansing the pores of impurities—searching deep down into the subcutaneous tissue and nourishing—the nightly use of Pond's Cold Cream is most efficacious, while for protecting the complexion against wind, sun and dust, use Pond's Vanishing Creams before going out and whenever occasion demands.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

POND'S CREAMS — *From all chemists and stores in jars* **1/3** *&* **2/6**, *tubes* **7½***d. (for hand-bag)* **1/-**, *and (Cold Cream only)* **2/6**.

TRIAL SAMPLES — Pond's Extract Co. 103 St. John St., E.C.1, will send, for **2d.** in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of both Creams and Home Massage chart.

Pond's Vanishing & Cold Creams

elastic, and so react on the skin. And for £3 13s. 6d. the knowledge is procurable for all time of how to keep a youthful appearance, irrespective of all make-up. The only concessions asked by Madame Eve is that no information, oral or written, shall be given by one client to another. A small enough request in view of the invaluable benefits derived.

INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION

Master Mammau, one of the lads of the village—the Nigerian one at Wembley—smiling in anticipation of what he will hear when the gramophone needle is placed on the "His Master's Voice" record

Rus in Urbe

It is seldom that one is lucky enough to come across so delightful a thing as a country-style house, complete with a large garden, near the heart of London. That such houses *do* exist—and, furthermore, are eagerly sought—was proved when Messrs. Hampton and Sons recently sold by auction just such a house at their saleroom at 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. The house in question, No. 34, Grove End Road, is fitted with exquisitely polished marble walls, hardwood floors, onyx windows, and such modern conveniences as five bathrooms and central heating. When one adds that there is a really beautiful and shaded garden and the house is but twelve minutes from Piccadilly Circus, one realises what an exceptional acquisition such a house is.

A Chocolate

Miss Phyllis Dare, her sister Mrs. Maurice Brett, and Miss Ivy St. Hillier were among those who, in "the sweet name of charity," sold chocolates at the Theatrical Garden Party recently held in the Chelsea Hospital Grounds. The only chocolate sold was Meltis, and the amount sold was such that the Actors' Orphanage gained greatly thereby.

Stage Training

The Guildhall School of Music is branching out in a new direction. Next September will be inaugurated a class for the study of the stage, both operatic and dramatic. The school is happy in possessing a charming little theatre of its own, which can seat 500, and is fully equipped for elaborate theatrical productions. Sir Landon Ronald has a wonderful staff of stage teachers, including such famous names as Kate Rorke, Forbes Robertson, Bassett Roe, and Mme. Lillian Ginnett. A beginning has already been made with grand opera training under Mme. Medora Henson, and the training for the "legitimate" promises to be every whit as successful as the former branch has already proved.

Cheap, But Good!

The "Spinet House," who celebrate their 150th anniversary this year, are anything *but* 150 years behind the times in enterprise. They are now selling at the popular price of 10 for 6*d*. and 20 for 1*s*. their world-famous "Spinet" cigarettes in a new packing known as "Spinet Round," with cork tips. These cigarettes combine all the fine qualities that have made the large oval "Spinet" so popular a cigarette for many years past.

THE JULY CUP

Which was gained for Mr. S. W. Beer by "Diomedes" at the Newmarket Meeting on July 2. The cup, which is a very fine copy of one made by Paul Lamerie in 1739, is the work of Ernest J. Lowe, of 20, Grafton Street, W. 1

QUALITY FIRST!
is the motto of
FROMY, ROGÉE & CO.
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Shippers of Fine Quality Brandies.
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When visiting Switzerland with your car
MAKE A TRIP TO
ST. MORITZ
The World's sports centre in the Engadine, with its fine Alpine roads again open to motorists.

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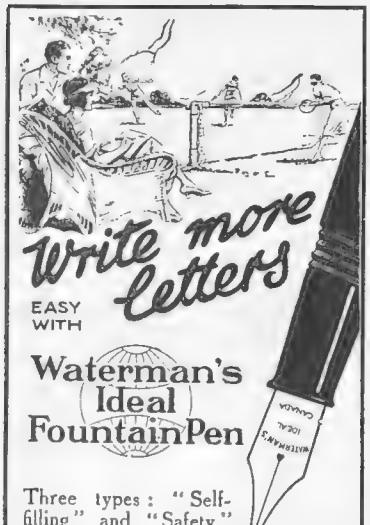
HOTEL DES
ROCHES-NOIRES
Right on the Beach.
HOTEL
BELLEVUE
Entirely Renovated.
The Latest Creation in Trouville
Restaurant
"A La Sole Normande"
Opposite Casino and Sea.



Three types: "Self-filling" and "Safety," 17/6 and upwards; "Regular," 12/6 and upwards. In Silver and Gold for presentation.
Of Stationers and Jewellers.
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Grey?
HINDES
HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers 2/6 or direct:—
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THE LAVONA WAY TO BETTER HAIR

HAIR of wondrous CHARM

It's such an easy matter to have a luxuriant head of delightful wavy hair like this if you only know how—and you do not require any mechanical contrivances or the assistance of an expensive coiffeur. You can have a head of perfect hair in a very short time by using Lavona Hair Tonic, the wonderful discovery which acts like a charm in all cases. Lavona feeds the hair, improving the quantity and the quality. It removes dandruff and adds life and lustre to hair that has been dulled by illness or from any other cause. But what is even more marvellous is the amazing waviness which it imparts to the straightest of hair. This is a fact of which we are justly proud, and every day letters arrive from users in every part of the world, testifying to the great benefits which have been derived from Lavona Hair Tonic. Lavona is quite safe to use, containing no injurious ingredients, and can be used for children's hair as well as grown-ups.

Your Money Back If Not Satisfied.

Sold by all chemists at 2/11 and 4/3. Get a package to-day and if you are not amazed and delighted at the results, send in the guarantee and we will refund your money in full

Lavona Hair Tonic & Shampoo

With every package there is enclosed one of the famous Lavona Shampoo Powders—a shampoo powder that is quite different from any other in the result it gives and which is fast becoming the first choice of those who appreciate only the best in toilet necessities.

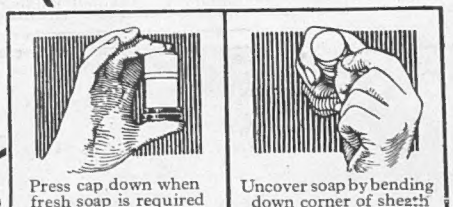
Try Pears' new

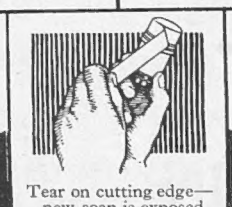
SHAVING STICK INVENTION *the* IVOSTRIP

This is something new—something that makes holder-tops old-fashioned—a Pears' Shaving Stick, the best in the world, mounted on a patent base and wrapped in non-absorbent Ivostrip sheathing. Ivostrip is its own container, easy to handle and hygienic in use, the very latest shaving refinement.

You will appreciate the balance of Ivostrip—a little thicker, a little shorter than usual, to make it just right and to give a larger surface in use.

Price 1/3d





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Consultations Free.

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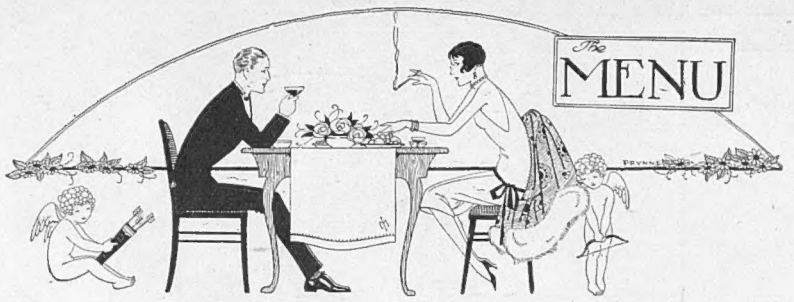
Melbourne Inman

For Infants

BENGER'S Food for INFANTS, INVALIDS & the AGED

Benger's modifies milk to the degree necessary for infants and young children. Infants therefore thrive on Benger's, even when other foods disagree.

Sold in sealed tins by Chemists everywhere. Prices: 1/4 ; 2/3 ; 4/- ; 8/6



SOME RECIPES FOR GRAPEFRUIT (by Request)

GRAPEFRUIT PRESERVE
GRAPEFRUIT CRACKER AND MARMALADE PUDDING
ORANGE AND STRAWBERRY (OR PEACH) SHORTCAKE
GRAPEFRUIT IN TOMATO CUPS
ORANGE SALAD (TO SERVE WITH GAME)
GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE
GRAPEFRUIT-PINEAPPLE SHERBET

Grapefruit Preserve

REMOVE the skin of the grapefruit over night and soak in salt water, allowing three tablespoonfuls of salt to each quart of cold water. Set the pulp aside. In the morning drain the rinds; soak in fresh cold water two hours; drain and boil till any bitterness is removed and the rind is tender, changing the water once. Drain, strain the juice of the grapefruit over the rinds, and allow half a cup of sugar for each grapefruit. Cook till the rind is clear (adding water if necessary to prevent burning) and the syrup is thick. Put in jars and tie down.

Grapefruit Cracker and Marmalade Pudding

Spread ordinary soda crackers with grapefruit or orange marmalade, then dust with flour and place in layers in a buttered piedish. Fill the dish nearly full with milk, set in the oven and bake till soft and browned. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream.

Orange and Strawberry (or Peach) Shortcake

Mix equal parts of orange and strawberry pulp (or peach), mash well and sweeten. Have ready two shortcakes which have been baked in two round tins, butter them, place half of the fruit on lower piece; add top and rest of the fruit. Serve at once.

Grapefruit in Tomato Cups

Skin and scoop out some large tomatoes; fill with grapefruit pulp; garnish with lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise.

Orange Salad (to serve with Game)

Peel very closely and divide six oranges into their natural divisions. Place on sorrel or shredded lettuce; sprinkle with a tablespoonful each of minced chervil, parsley and chives. Dress with French dressing and place on ice before serving.

Grapefruit Marmalade

With a long sharp knife core some grapefruit, slice as thin as possible and weigh; for each pound allow three pints of cold water; let stand till next day; boil in the same water till the rind is tender; weigh again, add 1 lb. of sugar for each pound of cooked mixture, let it stand over night, then boil till jellied.

Grapefruit-Pineapple Sherbet (One Quart)

Soak one teaspoonful of gelatine in one tablespoonful of cold water, add two of boiling water, and mix with one and a half cupfuls of grapefruit pulp, one cup of grated pineapple, one of sugar and three-quarters of a cup of water. Freeze.

N.B.—Grapefruit juice should be diluted with about one-third part of water, when used in mid-season. During the first part of the winter more water should be used, and in May or the summer months, less.

EMILIA

PAN YAN

THE flavour of the old familiar pickles lives in the memory. Days come when the thought of none of them tempts the appetite. The flavour of 'PAN YAN' is indefinable and elusive. It is pre-eminently a pickle for 'captious' days.

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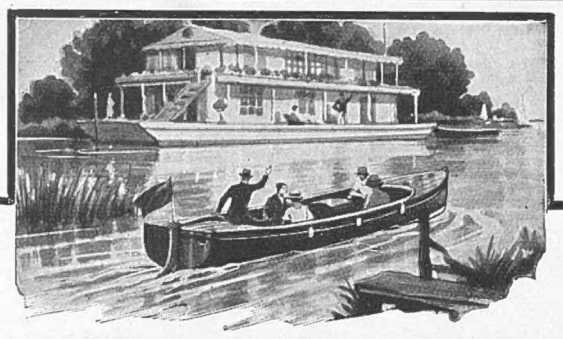

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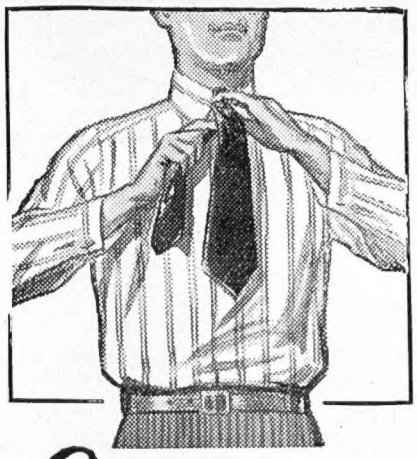

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FREE TREATISE.

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

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Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

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"'Facktative' *certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use.*"—"*There are other points which commend it, its admirable effects upon the* **general health and condition of the hair** *and so on; but it is in its* **wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour** *to the hair that its chief interest lies.*"

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"'Facktative' *is nature's own remedy, and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise. . . .* **I have personally used this restorative . . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish.**"—HYGEIA (*Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty"*).

☞ *Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of* "**Facktative**" *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the* "**FACKTATIVE**" **Co. (Suite 2), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

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Besides restoring the lost colour, this treatment improves and tones up your hair in every way.

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It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

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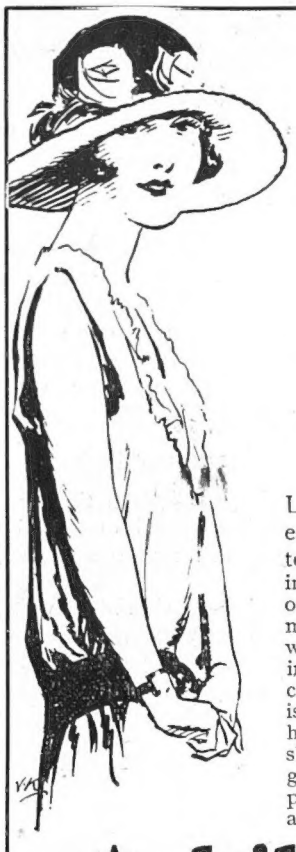

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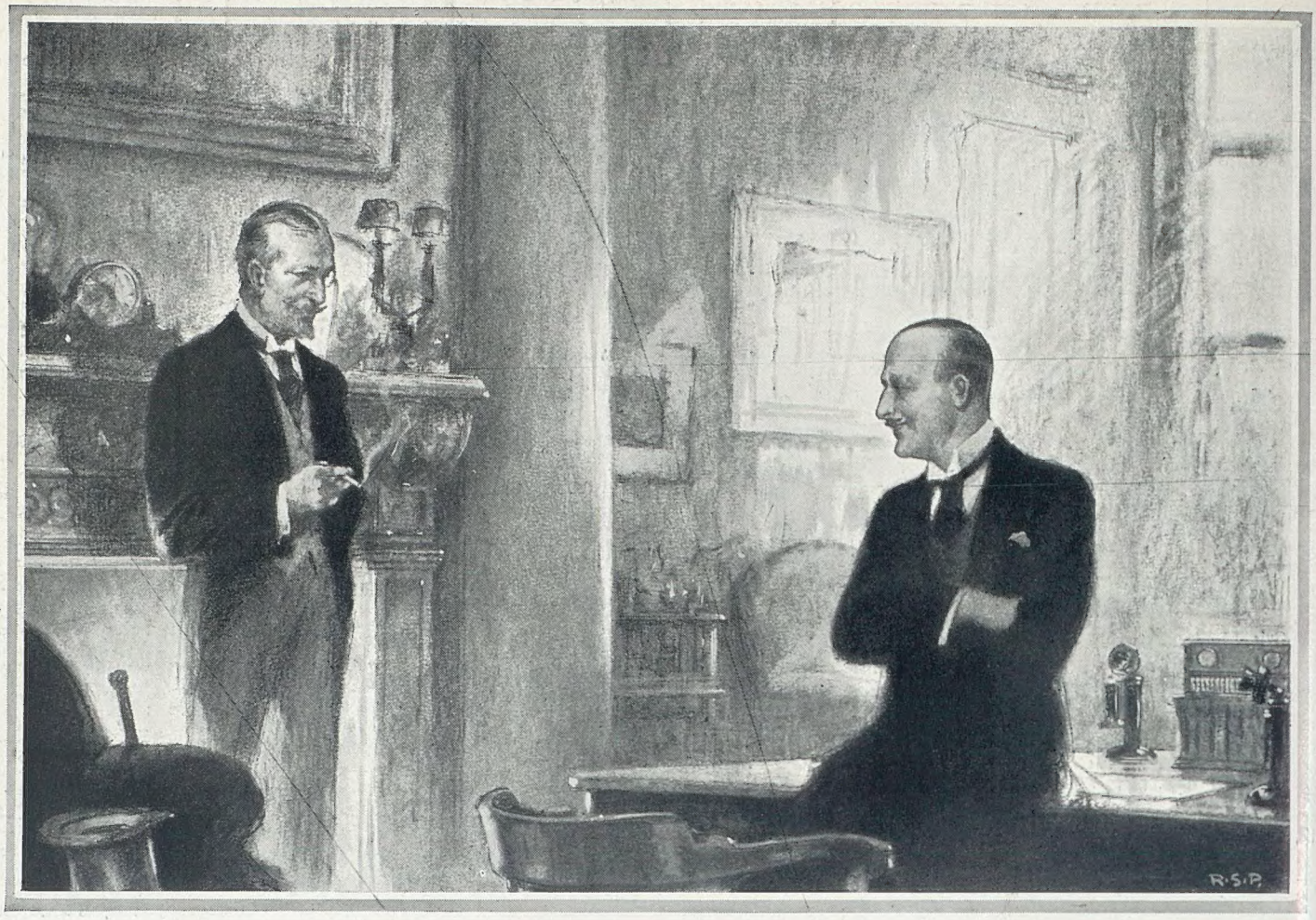

'Duggie' explains—

(Series 2)

Reliability.

Sir Edward:—Last Tuesday I wired you a pony each way "Shady Girl." Of course, I meant "Gaiety Girl," and I see you have credited me with £250 over this 8/1 winner.

Duggie:—Quite correct, Sir Edward.

Sir Edward:—I am anxious to know, Stuart, how you interpreted what my real intention was.

Duggie:—Easily explained, Sir. "Shady Girl" was not entered in any race on Tuesday. "Gaiety Girl" was the only horse with a similar name. In cases like this I always try and fathom my client's intention.

Sir Edward:—But surely that is carrying liberality a bit far. I mentioned the matter to Lord Matcham, who, as you know, is considered an expert on these matters and is chairman of Fromersalls' Committee, and he informs me that if "Gaiety Girl" had lost you had no claim.

Duggie:—Perfectly true.

Sir Edward:—In that case, Stuart, are you not laying yourself open to be taken advantage of by an unscrupulous backer?

Duggie:—I should be very loth, Sir Edward, to think any of my clients would take the slightest advantage of me. I have the highest possible opinion of the British Sportsman.

WRITE TO-DAY AND OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT.

Douglas Stuart

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